THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME IX. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1876. NUMBER 29.

In the Long Ago.

Cool, salt air, and the white waves breaking
Restless, eager, along the strand;
An evening sky and a sunset glory
Fading over the sea and land.

We two sitting alone together,
Side by side, in the waning light;
Before us the throbbing waste of waters,
Behind us the sand heaps, drifted white.

Ships were sailing in the distance,
Down to the lands where the sun has gone,
The rough, fresh wind blew o'er our faces,
And the shadows of night crept slowly on.

It is a dream that I remember—
Some ghost of a hope that will come no more;
We two sitting alone together,
Hand in hand on the ocean shore.

Woman.

An angel wandering out of heaven,
And all too bright for Eden even,
Once through the paths of Paradise
Made luminous the aurora air,
And walking in his awful guise
Met the Eternal Father there—
Who, when he saw the truant sprite,
Smiled love through all those bowers of light.

The while within his entranced spell
Our Eden sire lay slumbering near;
God saw and said it is not well
For man alone to linger here—
Then took that angel by the hand
And with a kiss its brow he pressed,
And whispering all his mild command,
He laid it near the sleeper's breast,
With earth enough to make it human—
He chained its wings and called it Woman.

And if perchance some stains of rust
Upon her pinions yet remain,
'Tis but the mark of God's own dust,
The earth mold of that Eden chain.
—*T. B. Read.*

THE MOTHER'S STRATAGEM.

One sunny morning, a few years ago, Jan Kammerick came up from the cabin of his barge—which his men were slowly working through a lock near the quaint and ancient city of Antwerp—and set his huge feet upon the deck. His first act was to bellow ferociously at the good natured fellows who were doing their best to get the barge through without even so much as scraping the fresh paint on her sides; his next was deliberately and cruelly to kick a small boy who was lying on his back, and looking up at a carved wooden figure whose grotesque head grinned from a side rail.

Many of the loungers along the banks of the lock knew old Jan Kammerick for a mean and cruel Flemish boor, who maltreated his wife, his children, his bargemen, and who sometimes flew into such terrific fits of anger that he thrashed his own sides with his round fists. No one in Antwerp—not a market woman on the shore of the Scheldt, nor a bargeman on river or canal—liked the choleric and brutal Jan Kammerick; many times the wretch had narrowly escaped a ducking at the hands of a mob because of his cruelties; and on this occasion, seeing the poor child who was kicked begin to cry and to crawl away toward a refuge under a pile of rope, every one shouted:

"Jan Kammerick! Jan Kammerick! you are a mean, bad man, and no one will be sorry when you come to harm!" or "Jan Kammerick! you shall be complained of to the judge of the district!"

The women shook their fists at him, and the men muttered that the boy must be taken away from his cruel father and cared for. Kammerick's poor wife, who was washing her pots and kettles on deck, looked as if she in wardly sympathized with the people on shore; but she trembled, and dared say nothing.

Jan was in such a dreadful temper that the cries of the people on shore made him more furious still.

"It's none of your business," he shouted, "how much I pound and kick this brat! He is good for nothing but whittling and breaking knives. If he craves any more of his pudding faces out of my boat rails, I'll send him adrift. Then you will have what you want! Then, neighbors, you will have a pauper on your hands; and when you feed him in your kitchens, he will carve doll puppets out of your table legs."

Then he vanished down the hatchway, followed by the maledictions of the by-standers.

"If I were you," cried one of them to the boy, "I would run away."

The barge went on through the locks, and the boy still crouched in his corner. The tears yet dimmed his eyes, but he had already forgotten his bruises. There was no resentment in his heart toward his wretched father. His mind was filled with a thousand beautiful and fantastic images—delicate fancies which he now and then sought to embody in bits of wood that he laboriously carved with clumsy knives or chisels. He longed to be free from the rude work which he was compelled to do upon the barge, and to study, that he might become a great sculptor in wood. When the barge passed near some of the curiously adorned old houses of which there are so many in Antwerp—houses whose roofs, whose arches, whose doors were richly and profusely adorned with carvings of birds and foliage, of beasts and dragons, of mystical figures from mythologies, or comical transcripts from every-day Dutch life—he studied them carefully and with deep adoration. He had never been allowed to go into the streets, and look at them for hours at a time, as he could have wished to do; for old Jan, who plied to and from a little village on the banks of the Scheldt, at some distance from Antwerp, would never allow his child to go on shore during his tri-weekly visits to the city. He yearned for a sight of the grand churches of which his mother had told him—cathedrals in whose solemn stillness he could stand undisturbed all the day long, drinking in beauty at every pore. The harshness and hardship of his life, the beatings of his unnatural father, would have been as nothing to him if he could have been allowed to learn something of art. But old Jan not only refused to allow him to work, but had thrown into the river many beautiful images of saints, of birds, of dragons, which the child had carved by stealth when the bargeman was not near, and had then offered to the boor, asking him to sell them and buy tobacco for himself with the money.

"No child of my shall waste his life over such mummeries," said old Jan.

While the boy was musing bitterly on his lot, his mother, who had finished washing her pots and kettles, came to him, and while she wrung out her dish-cloth with her lean and blistered hands, she said, in a low voice:

"Jan, boy, you are small and feeble, but you are now thirteen, and I think you would be brave and resolute. The good soul down stairs" (she always called Father Jan good soul, because she knew that he was an old brute) "the good soul has made up his mind that you are to be a bargeman, and he is stern, as you know. Now—do not speak—we must try a new way to get you launched in the world." (Here the mother's tears begun to fall fast, and she thought of the beatings which she might receive if she carried out her plan.) "My child, you must leave us; you must run away!"

The boy's eyes flashed; he rose, and limped toward his mother.

"Never!" he said. "I cannot leave you motherkin! Leave you with that man!"

"Listen, child!" she said. "We will try a little way which the good God has put into my head. You will be a genius, my son—one of those great people who can express just what they want to say. You will carve out your thoughts in wood—in stone, perhaps. To-night, when the barge stops near the lock, I will make an errand for your father on shore. I will give you a few pieces of money out of the sum which we had saved for Bertha's dowry, and you shall fly. Your father will not hunt for you; his heart is hard, and he will say that he is glad you are gone."

The boy looked at his mother with wonder in his eyes. But there was no longer any sign of tears in them. A new fire lit them up.

"Go," she continued, "to Gasker Willems, in the little street near St. Andrew's. There take a chamber, and may God be with you! Now and then, perhaps, I may come to see you. But it is better that I should not, and that your father should think you gone away, no one knows where. But—and now listen earnestly—in a year from this day, toward sunset, I will bring your father to Saint Andrew's church. It was there that he first saw me, twenty years ago; there by the great carven pulpit, which you, poor child, have never seen, but which will delight your eyes. Jan, one year is not a long time but you have already done much, and perhaps, before twelve months have passed, you will have done a noble work. Meet us, then, by the pulpit in St. Andrew's church in a year from this day, at the sunset hour. Bring with you some delicate carving as an offering to him, and at the same time say that you wish to return to us. Perhaps his heart will have been softened by your absence;" and the good little mother almost smiled, and looked very wise through her tears.

"Motherkin," said Jan, "I will obey you."

Then the poor child begun to tremble at the thought of going out alone into the world. But his courage came to him finally, and he kissed his mother again and again.

"If anything dreadful happens I will let you know," said she, "but father Jan must not hear from you, nor see you, until a year from this day."

"Farewell, then, motherkin," said the child; "farewell for a long, long year. By the carved pulpit in Saint Andrew's, in a twelvemonth!"

They took their farewells then and there, lest old Jan should suspect them, if they were crying toward evening.

At nightfall, as the barge approached the lock again, after its station near a market all day, the mother went on shore to get a pail of clear water; old old Jan followed her, storming and threatening, as she knew he would because supper for the workmen was not ready. The boy took the little bag of clothes and the money which his mother had prepared for him; as the boat grazed the side of the lock he jumped out, and was speedily lost to view in the crowd.

Two hours later, he had been received at the house of Gasker Willems, in the little street near St. Andrew's church. He slept in an old carven bedstead, whose headboard was a pictured history of the destruction of Pharaoh's host, whose feet were griffins' claws, whose curtain posts were lovely angels with uplifted faces.

* * * * * * *

A year brought sad changes to old Jan Kammerick. At first when he learned of his son's flight, he ascribed it to meddlesome neighbors, and his rage knew no bounds. He stoutly insisted that he would never try to bring back the vagabond wood-hacker. He would not hear the boy's name spoken. Sometimes, when he saw that the mother looker paler than was her wont, and that she wept silently when she was polishing her pots and kettles, his conscience smote him. But he would never have been really sorry if misfortune had not come upon him. One of his bargemen, whom he had once beaten, scuttled the barge and fled. Jan and his wife had a narrow escape from drowning, and, had it not been for friendly aid, would have lost all their pots and kettles. Young Jan had been sent away to Brussels by the good Gasker Willems, a few days before this, and knew nothing of it until many days afterward. He was busy with his art, in which he made astonishing progress.

The next misfortune which befell old Jan was the loss of his little house on the banks of the Scheldt. A fire burned out the interior, and cracked the stone walls. Old Jan had not money enough to rebuild it. Then his limbs began to fail him; they shook and trembled. The neighbors said: "It is because he kicked and beat his son!" And old Jan himself began to be very much of their opinion. He had now only a small barge; was obliged always to live in it, and was very poor and discouraged. Sometimes his heart was softened toward his patient wife, and he would say:

"You will be the first to be killed by my poverty. It would have been better for you if I never had seen you in St. Andrew's church."

Then she would answer: "No, indeed! Our fortune is yet to come out of that church, Jan."

She said this so often, and with such emphasis, that one day he looked at her curiously and said:

"To-morrow," she answered, "we shall see. Jan, it is many years since we have taken a holiday. We are as good as the rest of the world; let us live our youth over again; let us stay in Antwerp, and at sunset to-morrow let us visit St. Andrew's church, and stand by the carven pulpit where"—

"Stuff!" the old man was saying, when the mother put her hand upon his mouth. He no longer threatened or beat her; his punishments had sobered him; his heart almost yearned for his lost son.

"By the carven pulpit," continued the mother, "where we may say a prayer for our lost son."

"Well, if you will have it so, Anneken," he answered, almost gently.

* * * * * *

In the Netherlands there are many churches filled with rare and exquisite carvings, with altar pieces, shrines, pulpits, choirs, vestries, fonts, and sacristies laden with a wealth of intricate work, done in wood by skillful hands; and in Antwerp the richest specimens of this curious labor are to be found. In the great cathedral of St. Jacques, where Peter Paul Rubens, the painter, lies buried, there are hundreds of rich and fantastic carvings, out of which the fancies of the elder artists peer curiously at the prosaic present. Sometimes the birds are a little too odd to be real, the dragons are almost too funny for a cathedral, and the flowers and leaves are not constructed strictly in accordance with botany; but, on the whole, you feel that if things in nature are not like those in the carvings, they at least ought to be—so charming, so droll, so satisfactory are they!

In St. Andrew's church, of which young Jan's mother had so many tender memories, stands a large carven pulpit, of a peculiarly daring design for artists who work in wood. It represents a rocky crag near the seashore. Just beneath the crag lies a fishing boat, in which stand the figures of the Apostles Andrew and Peter. Behind them, on the right, their fishing nets hang upon a tree. The apostles are looking earnestly at a figure of the Savior, which stands in an attitude as if beckoning them; as if saying: "Follow me, and I will make ye fishers of men." Two of the cleverest artists in the Netherlands gave much time and talent to this delightful carving. Van Hool did the foliage, the nets, the rocks; Van Gheel the figures of the apostles and the Savior. The latter figure seems to have genuine inspiration in it; the sculptor has wrought marvelously, bringing effects out of stubborn wood rarely obtained before. When evening light—last ray of the declining sun, reflected through the stained glasses of the church, and softened to the delicacy of summer twilight—falls gently upon this group, the sacred figures seem to have all the supreme finish of marble—nay more, they appear to live!

So thought the good mother Anneken, as on the appointed day, one year from the time when she had sent forth her child into the world to give genius scope, and to escape from his hard hearted father, she led the feeble and now quite subdued old Jan Kammerick into St. Andrew' church. As the couple came in view of the pulpit, memories, endearing and solemn, came to them; the specters of their vanished youth rose up before them, not in mocking shape, but as good spirits, come to cheer them on the path of life. Old Jan remembered how he had seen the fair maiden standing near the pulpit with her hands folded and her eyes closed in prayer, and how he had sworn to win her as his wife. He was glad he had come into the church, and then—he thought of his son.

At that moment there was a joyful cry from the mother, and young Jan, wonderfully improved in voice, in manner, and in health, rushed into her arms. A hundred kisses, and a half a hundred words sufficed for them; for the good little mother had kept herself informed of all her son's progress, through the medium of old Gasker Willems. But the father was astonished beyond measure. He stepped back, trembling; and, shading his eyes with his hands, he looked long at the youth.

"Hey day, son!" he cried; "we thought we had lost you! But here you are back again, and no word of repentance!"

Old Jan tried to be severe, but his voice softened at every word.

"Father," said the youth, "I bring you a peace offering."

Just then Gasker Willems came hobbling up, bearing a large box, which he placed upon the cathedral floor. Young Jan opened it, and took from it a piece of wood carving.

"Quickly!" said Gasker Willems, after he had been greeted; "look at this before the beadle sees us, for it is time when many stroll into the church. Quickly, and then let us all go to my house."

Young Jan stepped to a point near the pulpit, where the light still fell with some sharpness, and held up the carving. Then the astonished parents saw that it was an exact reproduction, on a tiny scale, but done with surpassing finish, of the pulpit before which they stood at that instant. But this was not all. In front of the miniature pulpit, stood a maiden, with eyes downcast, and hands folded in prayer; and near her, watching her reverently, with parted lips and expectant air, was a brave young bargeman, exactly like those one may see every day on the Scheldt. In this carving old Jan and his wife saw the story of their first meeting told, as the mother had so often told it to her son.

"Father," said the youth, "this, and another like it, have been my year's work. The fellow to this has been sold to a prince for a large sum of money; and the prince wishes to help me to study until I can help myself more. But I shall not need him; and neither mother nor you will ever work more, for the prince's bounty, with my future work, will be enough for us all. Father, will you take my offering?"

Old Jan bowed his head, and took the carving. He set it down upon the cathedral floor, and took his son to his arms.

"I was an old brute," he said; "how did I ever become such a scoundrel!"

On the way to Gasker Willems', where the party took supper, the good mother told the husband of her stratagem to help her child. Old Jan said but this: "A good wife is a good thing; but I have not merited one!"

Gasker Willems, who was bringing up the rear with the carving in his arms, said:

"Say rather that you have merited nothing like the rest of us; but that God is good, and moves in mysterious ways; and that your tough heart could only have been softened by the stratagem which He sent into the mother's mind!"

"Well, well!" said old Jan, "I must try and get grace enough to thank Him properly."—*St. Nicholas.*

Mind Your Own Business.

When you first begin life make two resolutions, and stick to them: First, to mind your own business; second, to let the business of other people alone.

Those people who are always meddling with the affairs of others are a nuisance, and ought to be legally abated like any other nuisance.

We would rather live near a soap fat boiling establishment or a petroleum refinery than near one of them.

If you belong to that class of nuisances we pity you, for your life is an uneasy and unsatisfactory one. You can never be happy, because it is utterly impossible that you can ever find out everything that is going on in your vicinity.

What is it to you if your neighbor does bring home a brown paper package and a covered basket? You will live just as long if you never know what they contained. It is none of your business.

Suppose Mrs. B. has a new bonnet, how does that concern you? Your life, liberty and sacred honor are in no way injured by the fact. Suppose she did pay $10 for it. The money did not come out of your pocket, and consequently it is none of your business.

What if the minister does call on Ann Eliza Smith twice a week? Why exercise your brain over it? What if he is courting her? Let him court away. Suppose she has an awful temper and powders her face, as you say she does, her temper will not trouble you.

Don't be forever poking your nose into everybody's business. If one young lady "cuts out" another young lady it is nothing to you. He isn't making love to you nor any of your folks.

What if they do have three pairs of stockings apiece over at Squire Hill's. Haven't they a right to? As long as you don't do the washing it need not trouble you at all. If Hill's shirts are three inches longer than common, don't excite yourself about it. If you hadn't been watching the clothesline you never would have known anything about it, and "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

The Jains of India.

The Jains of the East Indies are very peculiar in their ideas of animal life. They constitute, perhaps, the most efficient "society for the prevention of cruelty to animals" in the world. It is a cardinal duty imposed by their faith to preserve and care for the lives of the brute creation. Animal food they will not partake of on any account. They have erected hospitals for sick and maimed animals in many places, and devote a great deal of money and time to this excessively benevolent object. Their "Pinjrapol," or animal hospital, at Bombay, is a large and conspicuous building in the center of the Black Town, which bears comparison, in point of architecture and spaciousness, with many of the Hindoo temples. The Jain who, as he passes along the city street or country road, finds a wounded beast or bird, is impelled to take it up tenderly, to carry it home and minister to it, or to convey it to the Pinjrapol. This institution is conducted much as are human hospitals. The four-legged patient is kept and nursed until it is cured; or, if its injuries are permanent, the hospital is its residence for life. Rousselet's brief and picturesque account of a visit to the Pinjrapol is curious and amusing: "You go, in the first place, into a large court surrounded by sheds, in the midst of which are kept a number of oxen. There is nothing more curious than this assembly of sick quadrupeds. Some have bandages over their eyes; others, lame or in a helpless condition, are comfortably stretched on clean straw. Their attendants rub them down, and bring the blind and paralyzed their food. From this court we pass into another of less extent, containing dogs and cats in the same pitiable condition. A little further on is an inclosure reserved for bipeds. Aged cows spend their lives peaceably in company with bald vultures and buzzards that have lost their plumage. At the other end of the court a heron, proud of his wooden leg, strutted about in the midst of blind ducks and lame fowls. All the domestic animals, and those that dwell in the vicinity of mankind, have here their representatives. Rats are to be seen in great numbers, and display remarkable tameness; mice, sparrows, parrots, peacocks, and jackals, have their asylum in this Jain hospital. However ridiculous this institution may seem, it is yet an example of the kindness and humanity of these people, whose charity would not allow any being created by the Almighty to suffer; and we can forgive what appears to us an absurdity to those men who can boast that they have covered India with their "dharamsalas" for poor travelers, and have enriched the hospitals by their princely donations."

Made in Egypt.

Egypt furnishes an illustration of her own somber architecture. There were many plaster casts of Egyptian sculpture, queer brass ornaments, old armor, unfamiliar Eastern products. The sentimental effect was marred, however, by the cards of prices affixed to many articles. A still greater departure of my mind from retrospective thought, a correspondent says, was caused by what I saw in one of the glass cases. The article to which I allude is labeled: "Night Shirt—price, $70—Sold to Miss Ordway." The privilege of selling any article on exhibition is accorded by the managers, the only restriction being that a delivery to the purchaser cannot be made before the close of the show and that the regular duty must be paid. Miss Ordway's night shirt is beautiful, peculiar and open to objection for use in this changeable climate. The texture is like a web, so slight that it will interpose no barrier to sight or cold. Mosquitoes will reach between the threads and bite Miss Ordway if they are not too polite. Every breeze will blow upon her body unchecked. Hand worked upon the gossamer fabric are fanciful figures in gold thread, and the foundation being so slight, they look at a little distance as though entirely unsupported. Miss Ordway, when arrayed in this night shirt, will depend largely upon herself for the beauty of the effect. The cloth will not cover her more thickly than a veil, and the embroidery will seem to rest upon her flesh. She will have old leaves and vines on her back, a cluster on each shoulder, another on her breast, and vines will trail down her arms. The effect will be at least unique. In the subdued light of her sleeping room—clad only, to all the intents and purposes of appearance, in a few gold leaves and vines—she will depend for beauty, as I remarked before, entirely upon herself. Coming down to a practical consideration, I wish to record my prediction that she will catch cold. The garment is unsuited to any but Cleopatra's scorching clime. It will cost, with the duty, about $100, and is short for the price. It must hang in the case until October, to be admired by thousands of women. Miss Ordway, I learn by inquiry, is a beautiful girl of Reading, Pa.

Transfusion of Blood.

Frank Gray was stabbed in the neck by Thomas Kerwin, at Georgetown, Colorado. He bled so that it was not believed he could live, and lay in a semi-unconscious state. The attending physicians determined, as a last resort, to try the effect of transfusing blood into his system. Kerwin, who stabbed Gray, agreed to supply the blood, and the experiment was made.

The poor fellow seemed in the very grasp of death before the operation commenced. Physicians could detect no pulsation whatever at the wrist; his hands and feet were cold and clammy, like those of a corpse; the eyes had only a vacant stare, betraying no intelligence; and when spoken to he appeared entirely unconscious of the import of the words spoken to him.

Blood was drawn from Kerwin's arm and kept at the temperature of the body by immersing the bowl containing it in water, the temperature of which was regulated by a thermometer. The fibrine or clot was then carefully removed, an incision made in a vein of the right arm and the blood forced into the incised vein through a small syringe.

About four ounces of the blood drawn from Kerwin's arm were injected into Gray's and in a short time the pulse was quite perceptible, the extremities resumed their normal condition and became warm, consciousness returned, and although he did not attempt to speak he evinced a knowledge of what was said to him and replied to questions by manual signs. The strength given him by this accession of blood probably prolonged his life some hours, but about one o'clock the next morning he breathed his last.

SINGULAR EPITAPH.—On a tombstone at Shutesbury, Mass., is the following epitaph, dated 1793:

Hic Jacet Johannes Straw,
Who forty years followed the law;
When he died, the devil cried,
"John, give us your paw!"

A Railroad King.

American rich men are of all races. Girard was French; Hopkins was English; Jacob Barker was Yankee; the Livingstones were Scotch; the Barrons were Spanish; Astor was a German; and Stewart, Irish; Vanderbilt and Garrison were Dutch, of Holland stock. Commodore Vanderbilt, without going far from home, and merely improving the century's great opportunities as they began and consolidated in the waters of New York, gained a gigantic fortune. He took to the water in childhood, arose in the infancy of steam navigation, and lived the whole period actively between the eras of Robert Fulton and George M. Pullman, between the stage coach and the palace car. The extent of railroads in America in the commodore's eighty-second year of age is 75,000 miles; the earliest American locomotive engine builder, Peter Cooper, is still alive. A train has just passed in eighty hours from New York to San Francisco, or less time than was commonly required to go from New York to Washington when Vanderbilt begun steamboating. There are in 1876 80,000 miles of railroad in North America, and 184,000 in the world. The heir of the Ptolemies has failed as the owner of a railroad and a realm, and his sultan is deposed. India is full of British railways, and so was Polynesia.

Length of days and opportunity count vastly in the returns of a merchant's life. The steamboat was invented in the sight of Vanderbilt's birthplace, on Staten Island, and he saw and probably knew Robert Fulton. Up to that time he had been a mere waterman and sloop captain, sailing no further than New Brunswick, on the Raritan, or Shrewsbury, or Kingston. His knowledge of the waters led him to be employed by the steamboat rivals of Livingstone and Stevens as early as 1816. He was more properly a product of Long Island than of Staten Island, and of New Jersey than of New York. It is fourteen miles from Staten Island to New Brunswick, six miles to New York, one mile to Elizabethport, and eight miles to the open ocean. Within these limits the young Vanderbilt knew every shoal, current, and sounding. He was besides intelligent, bold and athletic; so he was immediately needed when capital and invention were prepared with the steamboat. Elizabethport was the end of the main road across New Jersey to New York, rocks and marshes intervening above that point so that no road was fit for travel beyond it, when Washington, proceeding to New York to be inaugurated, took a barge from Elizabeth point to the first capital. The man who administered the oath to Washington on that occasion introduced Fulton and the steamboat to America.

"Vanderbilt's confidence was seen in his driving," says one who knows him. "He was so blind he could hardly see the hair on his horse, and yet he rode out every day, being several times thrown into the road. He had just sense enough to believe that if he kept the middle of the road people would get out of his way. That's the course he took in all things; he never turned out unless compelled to."

The grandeur of Vanderbilt's financial transactions was shown in his Harlem corner at the close of the war. The stock was selling at forty in the market, par at fifty. If there were 70,000 shares it required only $2,800,000 to buy the whole stock. At par Vanderbilt & Co. bought up the whole stock, while the "shorts" offered sixty. Having got the stock, it went up gradually to $180, at or about which figure the brokers and their principals had to settle or break, making a profit to the Vanderbilt pool of say nine millions, or nearly three times the whole amount of the investment. One of his greatest days was late in December, 1868. He had purchased or controlled about 130,000 shares of New York Central stock. Getting together a quorum of directors in night session, they declared a dividend of eighty per cent. and announced it next morning. The stock almost instantly jumped from 120 to 165, and the short interest had to pay over five millions of dollars to the commodore's coterie. His great ago befriended him; for he made the bulk of his fortune after he was seventy years old.

In a Boy's Pocket.

A teacher's letter contains the following: A noise one day breaking the silence of the schoolroom, the offender was swiftly brought to justice, and his spool confiscated. Another minute, and another noise from the same delinquent—this time a file. Reflecting that economy of time might be useful in the case, I desired Master George to bring me all he had, and reluctantly there was poured forth such an unending stream of treasures that I dispatched an assistant for the saucer of a flower pot in which to place them. A list is in order: A rubber ball gnawed at one side, four yards of twine, three peewees, two slate pencils, a piece of soap, a copper, six board nails, a pickle, a fishhook, a bun, a letter which had once been pink, but now, alas!—five lozenges, a top, a doll's boot with the handle in it, a gold stud weepingly confessed to be "My mammie's," a patent lock, key attached, a piece of gum with tooth impressions, a leaf from a speller round a treacherous piece of tar, two kite-knobs, a scissor, a watch key, a pipe bowl colored and scented after the latest epicurean style, a shoestring, a whistle, four scarlet beans, an inch doll, two bobbins, an Irishman's jackknife, a lampwick, three pieces of rainbow coal, five jackstones, a photograph, a tack hammer, a ring, a skillet leg, a metal toe, a rabbit's tail. Total, sixty-five!

Floating.

These plain directions from the *Sanitarian*, if remembered, may save the life of one who falls into deep water, even if he has not learned how to swim: Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water, in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to give him free liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs, as in the act of walking (or rather walking up stairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use the less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes.

Floods in Switzerland.

Eastern Switzerland is suffering severely from floods caused by heavy rains and melting snow. The canton of Thurgau, which is entirely inundated, is 384 square miles in extent, and has about 95,000 people. The serious damage the railroads have suffered is one of the worst effects of the mountain torrents, since it will retard the aid that is sent to the homeless.

THE INDIAN WAR.

The Fight with the Sioux on Rosebud Creek A Desperate Conflict—The Sioux Prepared for Desperate Fighting.

An important battle has been fought at the head waters of Rosebud creek, between the hostile Sioux, numbering 2,500, under Sitting Bull of the North, and the column under the command of Brigadier General George Crook, composed of 1,300 mounted soldiers. The fight lasted five hours, and resulted in the discomfiture of the savages, although not before they had inflicted on the troops a loss of ten killed and twenty wounded. On their own side they sacrificed by the bold attack which they made about one hundred warriors and an equal number of ponies, but thereby saved for the time being their village, which, according to the guide, lay a distance of only six miles from the battlefield. Details of the battle are given as follows:

The troops left the camp early in the morning and had marched about ten miles up the valley of the creek, when a sudden halt was made at a wild signal of the friendly Snakes, with the troops galloping up and shouting: "Sioux! Sioux!" at the same time shots were fired rapidly beyond the low hills bordering on the stream.

The Snakes and Crows, numbering 250, with the troops could not be kept back but dashed forward at once against their ancient enemy, charging the Sioux, and on the first onset made them rapidly recede. Then ensued a desultory fight for half an hour, the troops in the valley being delayed from rendering support by the necessity of saddling their animals. Captain Kane's infantry company was the first to advance to the crest of the ridge north of the valley and there opened fire. Seeing the Crows and Snakes pressed back by the masses of Sioux and flying before them—a high, steep ridge being peopled by them, and their fire deadly—the infantry charged directly up the narrow backbone, stopping at every crest to level a volley at them, but saw them retire only to hold against them still higher points beyond.

The Sioux had taken a magnificent position on the stream, commanding the ravines through which the troops would probably have passed, and where they might have been slaughtered like sheep before a charge could have been made. The conflict was almost a hand to hand fight, the Sioux confident in their large numbers and the position which they held. At a moment when the advanced line of troops had gained a decisive advantage and the soldiers were eager for the charge, an order came from Gen. Crook to fall back and connect with the right of the line, so as to concentrate and make a general advance. This movement was disastrous.

The Sioux held all the highest ground, and from several points swept the lower ridge in our rear with a terrible enfilading fire which pressed the line of retreat. As the cavalry retreated slowly on foot and skirmishing, the Sioux made repeated charges on the flank and were repulsed by the resolute courage of the men, who, although principally recruits, stood their ground as bravely as veterans. In forming a junction with the main command a wide hollow must be crossed, which was swept by a rain of fire from the bluffs, and the Sioux were already preparing to charge from both ends. They made every exertion to keep the command divided, and their fighting at this moment was masterly. Colonel Royall sent to General Crook to ask support, but before an infantry company took position to protect the retreat he was pressed back so that his men found themselves suddenly in the hollow, the Sioux charging upon them on two sides and a dropping fusillade cutting them down. Nine men were killed here and twenty wounded.

Captain Henry was horribly wounded in the head. The infantry, taking position behind the west hollow of the ridge, opened fire. At this moment Captain Handall, seeing the peril of the cavalry, set the Crows and Snakes at full speed into the hollow and the latter fought the Sioux nobly. One of them, after Captain Henry had fallen, stood and protected him until the soldiers made a dash and bore him off. Sergeant Von Moll separated in the retreat from his company, and, surrounded by Sioux, was rescued by Old Crow, single handed. As soon as the junction of the line was effected the Sioux began to yield, and the infantry, under Majors Burrows and Burt, drove them at last from the high cone which they had held so long. The Snakes caused their final flight and pursued a party of four Sioux two miles, killed them all and took their scalps. At one o'clock the firing had ceased, and the whole command followed in pursuit; but after moving three miles forward the country appeared so dangerous that General Crook determined to fall back to the point where the battle begun.

Meanwhile the Crows were counseling on a bluff about the circumstances of the fight, and expressing the belief that the soldiers had not promptly supported their first advance against the Sioux (which was true), and had determined to return home. The ammunition, only one hundred rounds to the man, was half exhausted, and General Crook concluded to return to the camp and make another advance after giving rest to the troops, meanwhile hoping to conciliate the discontented Crows. In this he did not succeed. They left for their village, which they fear the Sioux have visited during their absence. The Snakes still remain, but their steadfastness cannot be relied on.

Some of the minor incidents of the fight were horrible. A small squad of cavalrymen, acting as a rear guard on the march, were ordered to hold a point on the left. The Sioux surrounded them and shot them in the face, only two escaping.

Private Richard Bennett's body was disemboweled by the savages and the hands and feet cut off.

The troops behaved gallantly in rescuing their dead and wounded.

A corporal of T company, Third cavalry, made a gallant charge to rescue a comrade from the scalping knife. The Sioux only obtained one scalp, while the friendly Indians captured thirteen of the Sioux, who dragged many of their dead from the field behind their ponies.

General Crook reports nine white men killed and fifteen wounded in the Third cavalry, two wounded in the Second cavalry, three wounded in the Fourth infantry, and Captain Henry, of the Third cavalry, severely wounded in the face. The loss of the Indians cannot be estimated, but thirteen dead bodies were left on the field and many had been removed.

HOW TO CRYSTALLIZE FRUIT.—Pick out the finest of any kind of fruit, leave on their stalks, beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, lay the fruit in the beaten egg with the stalks upward, drain them and beat the part that drips off again, select them out one by one and dip them into a cup of finely powdered sugar; cover a pan with a sheet of fine paper, place the fruit inside of it, and set it in an oven that is cooling; when the icing on the fruit becomes firm pile them on a dish and set them in a cool place.

A Forced Execution.

Near Clermont Mills, in Hartford county, Md., Almira Street, the youngest daughter of Roger Street, was murdered by Christian Klotz, a youth from the Maryland house of refuge. The Streets are one of the largest and most respected families in Hartford county. Miss Street was seventeen years of age. Her body was found at the foot of the cellar stairs of the house about half past seven o'clock, with the head nearly severed from the body, and an ax, with which the deed is supposed to have been committed, lying near by covered with blood. The victim had been engagaged preparing breakfast and had gone into the cellar for something, when she was attacked by the young man with the ax, who dealt her repeated blows, as was shown by several gashes left on the neck of the corpse.

Before the arrival of the sheriff and State's attorney, Klotz confessed the crime and said he had no motive for killing Miss Street, but that he committed the murder out of pure wickedness.

A rope was procured and Klotz was taken to the woods, about one hundred yards from the house. The rope was placed around his neck, the end of the rope was thrown over the limb of a tree and he was pulled up from the ground. Some persons in the crowd objected to hanging him and he was cut down before he was strangled. Klotz, seeing that death was inevitable, asked for a gun that he might shoot himself. It was then suggested by him that he might just as well hang himself, and he agreed to do so. He climbed the tree unaided and placed the rope around his neck. He then asked if it was properly adjusted. Upon being informed that it was, he coolly tied the end of the rope around the limb on which he sat and saying "good-bye," let himself drop.

Granite in Shirts.

A letter in the London *Monetary Gazette* says: I was walking along the canal banks in the town of Bolton a short time ago and my attention was called to a barge load of a pearly white substance. On examination it proved to be china clay, and in my innocence I asked where the porcelain works were located, as I take great interest in such manufactures. My inquiry was received with loud laughter, and I was informed the kaolin was consigned to Messrs. ——, a well known firm of cotton spinners. *Apropos* of this little incident, and somewhat of a commentary thereon, let me add that a gentleman who professes to be ultra religious told me the other day that an eight-pound shirting now never contains more than six pounds of cotton, and on my asking him if he traded in this fashion he piously added: "We must go with the stream." Perhaps the *machinistes* (sewing machines) are not aware that the frequent breaking of their needles is mainly caused by the resistance and friction of this mineral adulteration, which is found in abundance in almost all the cotton they sew. Geologists tell us that china clay is decomposed granite; no wonder, then, that it should be gritty and break needles. It also makes eminently unhealthy the occupation of the mill hands, a fact which I recommend to the special attention of the society of the protection of women and children. Manchester, Manchester! this china clay adulteration will be thy death!

The Tree Question.

Notwithstanding the heat of India, there is, incredible as it may appear, a daily growing demand for fuel in that country, and it is suggested by the Indian agriculturists that some law should be framed for counteracting the effects of the wasteful destruction of trees for burning and constructive purposes. In some countries the laws enforce the duty of planting trees. In Japan every person who cuts down a tree is required to plant another in its stead, while in Bissey a land owner has to put down two plants for every tree he may fell. In Java a fruit tree is planted on the birth of each child, and is carefully tended as the record of his or her age. In the districts of Azimghur and Gorucky ore the late Mr. H. C. Tucker greatly encouraged the cultivation of trees by suggesting to the land holders that they should plant six trees on the occasion of every marriage and two trees on the birth of every child. Such a practice, if enforced by law or encouraged by advice, would commend itself to the population of India, whose natural tastes incline them to it, and in the end lead to beneficial results, especially if the more valuable description of timber trees were cultivated.

The Battle of Waterloo.

Sixty-one years ago on Sunday, June 18, 1815, the Emperor Napoleon attacked the Duke of Wellington at the Belgian village of Waterloo, on the very same ground where a large French division had been cut off from the main army by the Duke of Marlborough on August 17, 1705. The allied forces numbered 67,664 men with 156 guns. The English resisted the fierce French onslaughts from ten A. M. till five P. M., when 16,000 Prussians reached the field, increasing by seven o'clock to 30,000 with 104 guns, with Field-Marshal Blucher at their head. The French were completely routed amid immense carnage; so fierce was the struggle that the allied armies had nearly 23,000 men placed *hors de combat*. The changes since that day are great. But few of the surviving veterans graced the Waterloo banquet with their presence in London. Not only the principal actors in that great historical tragedy are long since gone, but a second French empire and another Napoleon have been overthrown. Let us hope, too, the world has grown a good deal wiser and better.

A New Industry.

The employment of corn cobs for fire lighters has given rise to quite a considerable trade in France, one of the establishments for manufacturing them—that of La Societe des Alhanettes Landaises, in Paris—employing a large number of workmen to produce the immense quantity of the article demanded, these lighters being employed with advantage and economy both in private houses and for lighting furnaces. In one of these processes, they are first steeped in hot water containing two per cent. of saltpeter, and, after being dried at a high temperature, are saturated with fifty per cent. of resinous matter. By another process, the cobs are immersed in a mixture of sixty parts of melted rosin and forty parts of tar, after which they are taken out and allowed to dry, and then subjected to a second operation, which consists in spreading them out on a metallic plate heated to a temperature of 212 deg. Fah. They are finally assorted according to size, and tied in bundles for the trade.

A Beautiful Love Story.

The young lady was Miss Mary M. Cochran, of Boston. She is a remarkably fine looking person, apparently twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. She was very stylishly dressed, and presented a most interesting appearance.

It seems that two years ago this spring Miss Cochran, accompanied by her mother and a number of friends from Boston, went to Europe to spend the summer. During a brief stay in Carlsruhe, Germany, Miss Cochran became acquainted with a young German named Charles A. Brandenburg. He was a young man of great ability, well educated, and of respectable parentage, although they were quite poor. The many noble qualities of heart and head completely won the heart of the young American, and she fell desperately in love with him. This feeling was mutual, and during the interview this young man related the condition of things at his father's house. The family was in the hands of a cruel house owner, who not only owned the small house in which they lived, but was also proprietor of the mills in which the father, son, and brother earned their scanty pittance. On account of some diffic

The Centre Reporter.

D. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

—:0:—

CENTRE HALL, Pa., July 20, 1876.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, in advance,* 2,50 *when not paid in advance.*

Advertisements 20c *per line for three insertions, and for* 6 *and* 12 *months by special contract.*

FOR PRESIDENT:
SAMUEL J. TILDEN, of New York.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
THOS. A. HENDRICKS, of Indiana.

Grant has been ordering the best members of his cabinet out—among them Jewell, Bristow, Taft, &c., the men who have been prosecuting the revenue thieves. The Cincinnati platform endorses Grant's administration, and Hayes endorses the platform. Now where are the honest people to look for Reform except in the election of the great Reformer, Samuel J. Tilden?

Hayes in his letter of acceptance pretends to be in favor of honest men in office, and accepts a platform which endorses Grant's administration. Now as Grant is making Bristow and the few other honest men in office walk out for interfering with and prosecuting the whiskey ring and revenue thieves, and retains the plunderers of the Babcock-Cameron school, it is evident that Hayes has only put out a catch-vote profession, How comes it that the honest republican office holders are giving Hayes only a lukewarm support, while Morton, Cameron, Boss Shepherd and all that tribe of plundering politicians are loud for Hayes. There is some significance in all this.

Another Molly Maguire, Thomas Munley, the murderer of Sanger, has been convicted at Pottsville. Mr. Gowen in his speech made the following allusion to Mollie Maguireism:

Mr. Gowen said that there need be no fear of any of the leaders of this organization escaping; that, with but two or three exceptions, the principals in every Mollie murder committed since April, 1874, were now in prison, and that those at large were only permitted to roam until it should be determined that the ubiquitous agents of Mr. Pinkerton should pounce upon them; that the book of the discoveries made by McParlen was but a little way opened. He said that Mollie Maguireism had its origin in Ireland before the Rebellion of 1798, when the great conspiracy formed by the Ribbon Men against the land owners was entered into; that the name Mollie Maguire had been given to these men because often, in the perpetration of outrages, they had disguised themselves in women's clothes; that how and when it was revived in this locality he could not tell, nor whether the Ancient Order of Hibernians all over the country was guilty of the same practices, but no voice had been raised from outside of the coal region repudiating or denying the facts alleged here against the A. O. H. The speaker went on to show how, by terrorism, the Mollies had forced their way into politics and become a power in the two County Commissioners belonging to that order, who had been convicted of crime, were pardoned by Governor Hartranft, and that one of the County Commissioners now in office was a bodymaster in the organization.

The only issue in this campaign is whether there shall be a continuation of Grantism by the election of Hayes, or Reform in the administration of the government by the election of the great reformer and ring-smasher, Samuel J. Tilden.

Several "crooked whiskey" fellows were sentenced to fines and imprisonment, at Milwaukee, on Monday, by Judge Dyer.

So says the Lewisburg Chronicle, a Grant-Hayes organ, and it might add that Grant has removed Dyer and all other officers who assisted in prosecuting the whisky thieves, and that Hayes endorses Grant's doings.

Bill Kemble is the Hayes Executive Committeeman for Pennsylvania. This is the Kemble who wrote the famous "addition, division and silence" letter, introducing the defaulting Evans to "my Dear Titian." And yet Hayes is for Reform (?).

For every honest man that Grant removes from office he pardons an imprisoned revenue thief to make up the loss, and Hayes' platform endorses the administration.

The Sunbury and Lewistown railroad is not yet over its troubles, and the recent prospect for having cars run again has already vanished. The Lewistown Gazette says about it that the lease agreed upon by the committee of the bondholders of the S. & L. Railroad and Pennsylvania, has not been ratified, and consequently the road is not yet in operation. So far as we can understand the matters the difficulty arises from the principal bondholders placing an undue value on what ought to constitute the capital of the company. On Saturday and Monday a quantity of ties were brought up on the road.

Well now that's handsome. Georgia is so well pleased with Tilden and Hendricks that she promises to roll up only one hundred thousand majority for the Reformers.

The Lewistown Gazette is done crying over the defeat of Blaine; its next big bawl will be in November on the receipt of marching orders for Salt river, when we will send 'em some "ingens" as a strengthener for the voyage.

Grant has very modestly given his Fred a hist. The Times says it must bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every American to read that the President of the United States has promoted his own son, Second Lieutenant Fred. D. Grant, to be first lieutenant in the regular army, over the heads of thirty-two second lieutenants who ranked him and twelve who graduated with him and have since distinguished themselves in the field. Grant does not trouble himself enough to give reasons for what he does in these days of his waning power, and no man can assign any excuse for this latest and grossest instance of nepotism. What may happen between now and the fourth of March, who shall dare to say?

The Illinois Democrats are rejoicing at the accession to the workers for Tilden and Hendricks of Mr. Wm. H. Herndon, for twenty-five years the law partner and bosom friend of Abraham Lincoln. At a ratification meeting held at Springfield, Ill., on the 8th inst., Mr. Herndon declared that he was for Tilden and Hendricks and Reform, and should labor from now until November next on the stump, through the press and through every conservative channel by which thought could reach thought for their election. His speech was received with great applause.

Robert, oldest son of President Lincoln has also declared in favor of Tilden and Reform.

Bristow undertook to expel the thieves from the Treasury Department and Jewell tried to drive out the highway robbers from the Post Office Department. Now where are they? They have been reduced to the ranks and sent to Kentucky and Connecticut in disgrace. Hayes is in perfect accord with Grant in these acts.

JEWELL STEPS OUT.

Another member had to step out of the Grant cabinet, because he was friendly to Bristow who prosecuted the whisky ring. Post-Master-General Jewell had to walk the plank for this honest sin, the thing occurred quite unexpectedly according to a Washington despatch of 11, which says:

Governor Jewell said, in conversation this evening, the first intimation he had that his resignation would be accepted was yesterday afternoon, when he visited the Executive Mansion on business. The Governor's response was that he would, of course, respect the President's wishes, and accordingly, on his return to the Post Office Department, he wrote his letter of resignation, nearly in these words:

SIR: I hereby tender my resignation of the office of Postmaster General.

Your obedient servant,
To the President, MARSHALL JEWELL.

Governor Jewell asked no question of the President, and is, therefore, not aware of the reasons for the request, and the members of the Cabinet also say they are alike ignorant of the motives that controlled the President. It is asserted, however, in some circles that, in addition to political considerations, the President was influenced by Governor Jewell's avowed friendliness to Mr. Bristow. Members of Congress generally, when the report reached them that Governor Jewell had resigned, did not readily credit it. The subsequent nomination of Mr. Tyner in his place, however, removed all doubt and occasioned extended inquiry as to the cause of the resignation; but even the most intimate friends of the President asserted that they were unable to furnish a reply.

With the departure of Jewell there is nothing precious left in the cabinet and the rings are feeling easier.

THE MURDERED CUSTER.

(From the Williamsport Bulletin, republican.)

As the facts concerning the murder of General Custer and nearly 300 of his brave followers, by the bloodthirsty Sioux, come to be better understood, the indignation of the country increases. The terrible conviction forces itself upon the mind that his horrible butchery is directly chargeable upon Grant himself. It will be remembered that when the expedition was planned last spring Custer was to have the command, but he was suddenly ordered to Washington to testify in the Belknap case. While there he told the truth concerning the thieves that have fattened about the White house and off the soldiers in the field. Having given his testimony he repaired to the presidential mansion to pay his respects to the executive, as was customary before leaving. Grant, however, was in one of his sullen moods, and after keeping him in waiting all day then refused to see him. Custer was anxious to join his command and he started for the west. At Chicago he was overtaken by an order from the President directing his arrest. After a short detention he was permitted to proceed to his headquarters, but was shorn of his command and only allowed to accompany it in the position of a subordinate. After his glorious career, and all he had done to uphold the flag of his country—the hard service and privations he had endured on the plains fighting the hostile savages—one can readily imagine how he must have smarted under his disgrace—a disgrace wrongfully imposed upon him by his superior, because he had dared to tell the truth about the gang of thieves that hung around the President.

The Indian expedetion proved a failure because Custer had no voice in its direction. His ripe experience in the wilds of Indian warfare was not sought—he was only directed to perform certain duties with his regiment. Ordered to proceed in a certain direction he encountered a strong body of Indians and he charged upon them like a thunderbolt. He was over whelmed, but he died with his face to the foe. Doubtless the dashing hero thought he could wash away the stigma that had been cast upon him by the undignified and cruel hearted President, by gaining a victory that would crown his brow with fresh laurels. "But," in the language of Sheridan, "instead of fame he won a coffin." The spot where he died shows the evidence of the terrible conflict. There with his brothers, relatives, and a few chosen officers, the Spartan band fought like tigers died like heroes. There in that lonely spot the Custer family was wiped out of existence, and not a man of his ill-fated command is left to tell the bloody tale of how he died. Nothing is known of the frightful conflict, only their riddled and mutilated bodies were found huddled together where they fell. But, enough of the sickening story. The terrible responsibility of Custer's death rests upon Grant, who seems determined to close his administration in a cloud of disgrace. From all directions the terrible charge is hurled at him by an indignant press and a more indignant people: "Behold, President Grant, your hands are dripping in the blood of George A. Custer!"

In closing this sickening story of the butchery of one of the bravest men that ever lived, the following memento of the gallant officer will be read with interest at the present time. It is his farewell address to his division at the close of the war:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION, APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA., April 9, 1865.—Soldiers of the Third Cavalry Division: With profound gratitude toward the God of battles, by whose blessings our enemies have been humbled and our arms rendered triumphant, your commanding general avails himself of this, his first opportunity, to express to you his admiration of the heroic manner in which you have passed through the series of battles which to-day resulted in the surrender of the enemy's entire army.

The record established by your indomitable courage is unparalleled in the annals of war. Your prowess has won for you even the respect and admiration of your enemies. During the past six months, although in most instances confronted by superior numbers, you have captured from the enemy, in open battle, one hundred and eleven pieces of field artillery, sixty-five battle flags, and upwards of ten thousand prisoners of war, including seven general officers. Within the past ten days, and included in the above, you have captured forty six pieces of field artillery and thirty-seven battle flags. You have never lost a gun, never lost a color, and have never been defeated; and notwithstanding the numerous engagements in which you have borne a prominent part, including those memorable battles of the Shenandoah, you have captured every piece of artillery which the enemy has dared to open upon you. The near approach of peace renders it improbable that you will again be called upon to undergo the fatigues of a toilsome march or the exposure of the battle-field; but should the assistance of keen blades, wielded by your sturdy arms, be required to hasten the coming of that glorious peace for which we have been so long contending, the general commanding is proudly confident that, in the future as in the past, every demand will meet with a hearty and willing response.

Let us hope that our work is done, and that, blessed with the comforts of peace, we may be permitted to enjoy the pleasures of home and friends. For our comrades who have fallen let us cherish a grateful remembrance. To the wounded, and to those who languish in southern prisons, let our heartfelt sympathies be tendered.

And now, speaking of myself alone, when the war is ended and the task of the historian begins, when those deeds of daring, which have rendered the name and fame of the Third Cavalry Division imperishable, and inscribed upon the bright pages of our country's history. I only ask that my name may be written as the commander of the Third Cavalry Division.

Brevet Major-General Commanding.
Official—L. W. Barnhart, Captain and Assistant Adjutant General.

Yes, and his name will live forever in the hearts of his countrymen, while the man who disgraced him will be execrated by all.

When Postmaster Jewell rejected straw bidders, he disturbed the home nest of corruption and brought down the displeasure of Grant who waited a convenient opportunity to kick him down stairs. Has neuralgia and whisky destroyed the man's head altogether?

Says the World: It is rather late in the day to declare that Mr. Hayes is not an office holders' candidate. It is three months and a half since the Republican Convention met at Syracuse, and he was the second and avowed choice of the office-holders there. He was the first choice of the office holders in the Ohio State Convention. Don Cameron is an office holder, and he furnished the votes from Pennsylvania which made Mr. Hayes the last choice of the Cincinnati Convention. Half the tri-State committee which went from State to State pressing his claims and imploring the delegates not to vote for Blaine, were office-holders. The first dangerous sign which Mr. Hayes has shown of hostility to the real principles of the Republican party, has been in his effort to keep this office-holders' campaign out of the hands of that arch office-holder, Zach Chandler, and that effort has failed. He made a mistake in trying. The brains and the organization of the Republican party, its discipline and its resources, its campaign equipage and its military chest, are all in office. Mr. Hayes was not nominated but by their consent; he cannot be elected without them. Nor can they be put into new harness. Does anybody imagine that Mr. Chandler will levy no assessments for this civil-service-reform candidate? Are there to be no dismissals of unfaithful office-holders? Have official cakes and ale gone out of the market because one man declared his intention of buying at the old stand no longer? Not a bit of it; Mr. Hayes had his part to say, and said it, and Mr. Chandler has his part to do, and will do it, or eighty thousand office-holders will know the reason why.

Many anxious enquiries were recently made about Fred. Grant, who was ordered sometime ago to join the Yellowstone expedition. It was feared the Prince Imperial had lost his scalp, as he would certainly push to the front when danger threatened but we feel, in common with the great American people, a sense of relief that he has been spared. The why, is explained in the N. Y. Sun.

What between investigating committees and old Sitting Bull, Lieut. Col. Fred. Grant is having a hard time of it. When the real Estate Pool Committee was getting fairly under way in its investigations, and just as the force of public opinion had compelled President Grant to remove Babcock from his post in the White House, Col. Fred, for reasons best known to the President, was suddenly ordered to join the Yellowstone, and he left in such haste that he was unable to settle up the affairs of the banking house which the enterprising young officer and a nephew of Senator Sherman had established in Washington. Nothing further was heard about the young man for a long time, and he was popularly supposed to be assisting Gen. Terry in the work of chastising the savages. When, therefore, the news of the recent engagements in Montana came, there was a good deal of anxiety about his fate, and the lists of casualties were eagerly scanned in the fear that his name might be found upon them. This state of suspense was relieved, however, by the gratifying intelligence that Colonel Fred was safe with his papa in Washington, and that the death of several of his gallant comrades in the field had given him another step in promotion. But the investigating committees are still at work, and we may soon expect to hear of the President's heir being ordered upon active duty again, which must be disagreeable to a young gentleman who is so fond of adorning society in Washington. But honors carry responsibilities with them, and Lieut.-Col. Fred Grant cannot expect to escape his share of troubles and vexations.

It strikes the World that "with the Republican platform indorsing Grant's administration, the Republican candidate making up his letter of acceptance by extracts out of Grant's messages, and Zachariah Chandler, of Grant's Cabinet, managing the canvass and dictating Cabinet appointments to further it, the hypocrites who are endeavoring to set up Hayes as the champion of reform will have a hard time of it."

John Collins, a talented London pickpocket, took an active part in the Moody and Sankey meetings, and after the departure of the evangelists became a popular singer and exhorter. His piety was not questioned by his fellow workers, and his friends among the thieves did not expose him. Thus he was enabled to pick pockets with great facility, often taking the watches and pocketbooks of men and women while praying at their sides, or while explaining to them the way of salvation. Continued success, perhaps, made him careless, for, while taking part in the exercises at the laying of a corner stone for a church in Uxbridge, he was caught stealing a watch from a women who was sharing a hymn book with him during the singing. He was arrested, and then a number of robberies were traced to him.

GRANTS "HASH" CABINET.

Philadelphia Inquirer.—The list of President Grant's Cabinet is an exceedingly long list. There is none other so large, the nearest approach to it being that of President Harrison's turbulent administration; but President Grant's term does not expire for several months, and in due course it is to be expected that he will co nsiderably add to his list of Cabinet officers.s

There have been two Secretaries of State, E. B. Washburn and Hamilton Fish, the latter being the oldest Cabinet officer retaining his place.

There have been five Secretaries of the Treasury, viz: A. T. Stewart (not confirmed). Geo. S. Boutwell, William A. Richardson, Benjamin H. Bristow and Lot M. Morrill.

There have been four Secretaries of War, viz: John A. Rawlins, William W. Belknap, Alfonso Taft, and J. Donald Cameron.

Of Secretaries of the Navy there have been two viz: Adolphe E. Borie and Geo. M. Robeson.

Of Secretaries of the Interior there have been three, viz: Jacob D. Cox, Columbus Delano and Zachariah Chandler. If we include Delano's "son John" there will be four.

There have been three Postmasters-General viz: John A. J. Creswell, Marshall Jewell and J. N. Tyner.

There have been five Attorney-Generals, viz: E. Rockwood Hoar, A. T. Akerman, Landaulet Williams, Edwards Pierrpont, and Alfonso Taft.

That is to say, President Grant has had twenty four Cabinet Ministers, not inclusive of either Babcock or Mr. Delano's "son John."

The list is somewhat a long one. The summary dismissal from place of so wise, honest, energet ic and useful an officer as Postmaster-General Jewell is such as requires sound reasons for its justification.

TILDEN AND HENDRICKS IN CONSULTATION.

Saratoga, July 15.—The consultation between Governor Tilden, Governor Hendricks and the committee appointed to notify them of their nomination, has ended. Governor Hendricks left last night for Indiana, and is to return here again, with with Mrs. Hendricks, in about ten days. Governor Tilden left this morning for Albany. The consultation resulted in a perfect agreement between the two nominees, and a full understanding in reference to the letters of acceptance. The stories of a failure to come to an agreement have no foundation whatever, nor is there now any doubt about Governor Hendricks accepting. The statements made by the latter to his friends after the consultation closed leave no doubt on that point.

Governor Tilden's letter of acceptance will not be given to the public for at least ten days, if it is for two weeks. Sufficient has transpired in reference to the talk over the points to indicate that it will be a strong letter—one that will give tone and vigor to the canvass. Reform will be one of its strong features, and at the same time there will be no uncertain utterances in reference to the financial question. The Indiana democrats who were here with Mr. Hendricks declare that there has been a complete revolution in sentiment in that state since the adjournment of the St. Louis convention, and that they now believe, from the developments, that Mr. Tilden will prove to be stronger than his party in that state. In that statement Gov. Hendricks is reported to have coincided. Prominent democrats are here from different sections of the state, some of whom were at St. Louis opposing Mr. Tilden's nomination, and they all report an enthusiasm for the ticket seldom witnessed. This is especially the case throughout the interior, northern and western portions of the state.—*World spec'l.*

MILROY CELEBRATES!

The 4th at Milroy was ushered in by the ringing of bells, firing of salutes, &c.

About 8 o'clock the Cavalry from Milroy, under command of Capt. W. S. Dill, about 80 in number, formed in line on the green at the R. R. depot, where they paraded a short time, when the announcement summoned them to meet the delegation of Cavalrymen from Sigerville, under command of Capt. R. J. McNitt, about 60 in number. They galloped to the hill beyond town and then counter-marched and paraded the different streets.

Col. Graham's square some sixteen fantastics on horses from Reedsville joined them.

At 10 o'clock the different Sabbath Schools of town and surrounding country, and the citizens assembled at the Presbyterian church, when the grand procession was formed, which was led by the Milroy Cornet Band, and followed by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, representing Centre Hall, McAlavey's Fort, and Milroy Lodges. The different Sabbath Schools followed.—Then came a large wagon with four white horses, handsomely decorated, in which were a fair young ladies, all dressed in white, with crowns of gold, representing the different States of our Union. In rear of the representatives of the States of the Union followed a long line of civilians. In this order the procession marched through the different streets, under arches and mammoth flags that gracefully floated over head, until they reached Thompson's Grove, where hundreds of people had already assembled.

Prof. W. C. McClenahen clearly and distinctly read the Declaration of Independence. The Milroy Vocalists then rendered a piece of music entitled "Now and Forever."

Here the regular programme was interrupted by the committee on provender announcing to the President that dinner was in waiting for all. The entire procession was marched to a table three hundred and twenty feet in length and erected in the form of a hollow square.

About three thousand people fared sumptuously, for the table was spread with the richest fare of Kisacoquillas fertile soil, prepared by the willing hands of her fairest daughters, and *free to all.*

After all had done justice to the rich dinner, Dr. C. C. Bower read "Washington's Farewell Address." After singing the "Anniversary Jubilee," Dr. Samuel Maclay of Milroy, one of the committee appointed to prepare the same, read a Historical Sketch of Kishacoquillas Valley, from which we make the following extracts:

In the early settlement of Pennsylvania emigration followed the streams, the canoe and packhorse being the only mode by which household goods, women, children and provisions could be moved. Many squatters located along the Juniata and the larger streams entering into it, as high up as the mouth of the Kishacoquillas creek, Pokety's town (now Lewistown), where Arthur Buchanan and his sons Robert and Arthur had a trading post, and bought land from the chief Pokety, whom he named Captain Jacob.

The Kishacoquillas Valley derives its name from a distinguished chief of the Shawanese, Kishacoquillar, or Kishakosclas, who gave his name to this and the neighboring valley on the south, distinguishing them as big and little Kishacoquillas. The latter is now known simply as Little Valley. The chief, Kisacoquillas, was known as a friend of the whites, and it was probably owing to his influence and that of the celebrated Logan, who was also then friendly, that the early prospectors were not molested by the Indians.—But few depredations were committed by them in the valley. Robt. McNitt, a little son of Alexander McNitt, 8 years old, was taken prisoner and carried to Canada, but on the conclusion of the war was restored to his family; and probably at the same time the cabin of Mathias Ruble was reconnoitered by a band of Indians, but by exhibiting Quaker guns at his port-holes and giving noisy commands as if to a squad of soldiers, he frightened them off. It is not known that any actual murder occurred in the valley.

There is no doubt that Judge Brown and his brother, James Reed, were in Kishacoquillas valley as early as 1752, looking out for suitable locations for settlement, and probably others soon afterwards, but from the known law-abiding charact er of Judge Brown it is not very probable that he commenced a permanent settlement before the title to the land was acquired from the Indians in 1754. Mrs. James Reed accompanied her husband and was the first white woman in the valley. They encamped under a large sycamore tree, near the junction of the branches of the Kishacoquillas creek, until they built a house or cabin, when Mr. Brown returned to Cumberland valley, married his wife, and brought her to the valley, and he and his brother Reed settled on opposite sides of the creek, at Reedsville and Brown's Mills.

Among the first to enter the East End, either with or soon after Judge Brown, were the McNitt brothers, Alexander, whose son was taken prisoner by the Indians, Robt., John and Wm.; Mathias Ruble, Edward Bates, Henry and Matthew Taylor and Thomas and Alexander Brown, and after them the Sterretts, Col. McFarlane, D. Cameron, W. Thompson, J. Kyle, S. Milliken, Jas. Scott, Jas. McClure, N. McManigal, S. Mitchell, and others. The warrants for McNitts' land are dated in 1755, and much of it is still held by their descendants.

The first permanent settler in the West End of the valley was James Alexander, who came in 1755 and settled near where his grandson, James Alexander, now resides.

* * * * *

Robert Campbell came in the year 1764, and his descendants still own and occupy the land on which he settled. About the same time, or soon after, came the Cresswells, Jos. Hackett, J. Fleming, W. Wilson, J. Culbertson, Samuel Wills and others whose names are now forgotten. These were the pioneer settlers of the west end of the valley, so far as we have been able to ascertain.

The early population of the valley was homogeneous; the first settlers, with few exceptions, were all of what were called Scotch-Irish, and nearly all Presbyterians. The first churches organized were the East and West Kishacoquillas Presbyterian, and they were for many years the only places of religious worship in the valley. The names of nearly all the original settlers who were then living were to be found attached to the first call to a Presbyterian minister, Rev. James Johnston, in March, 1783. This document is still in existence and in the possession of some of the descendents of one of the original signers.

THE ORATION.

After the band had played one of their favorite airs, Rev. L. F. Smith, orator of the day, was introduced, and in his truly eloquent manner delivered an able address.

In the evening, at about 9 o'clock the playing of the band and the firing of cannon salutes announced the fact that the fire works would be displayed. And last of all a large balloon of different colors gracefully rose up higher and higher, and was followed by all eyes until it disappeared in dim vista.

Thus ended one of the grandest days ever witnessed in Milroy.

A CARD TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.

For many years we have made two medicines suited for the ailments of a vast class of sufferers. Thousands of cures have been made by them, and in fact, the word failure could never be coupled with them. But within the last two years counterfeits of our medicines have sprung up, dangerous in their close imitation of our trade mark. To secure the people we have placed upon each genuine box of Holloway's Pills and Holloway's Ointment the fac smilie of the signature of our Agent, Mr. Jos. Haydock. To counterfeit this is a felony. We shall relentlessly pursue any one who imitates this with the utmost vigor of the law. We most earnestly beg that the great mass of the American people will aid us in our efforts to protect their health, and help us in our task of bringing these most unprincipled men to the bar of justice. Uniformly refuse to purchase Medicines purporting to be ours unless Mr. Jos. Haydock's signature is attached to each Box of Pills or Pot of Ointment and the end will soon be reached.

The public's obedient servants,
HOLLOWAY & CO.

For the Reporter.

THE HIGHEST DILIGENCE IMPORTANT TO OBTAIN THE ASSURANCE OF SALVATION.

St. Peter says, 2, 1, 5-7: Beside this (what God has given us and done for us) giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity.

There is an end to the earnestness of some persons when they have obtained what they call their conversion. While they consider themselves in a state of nature, they seek after God, and cry earnestly in the use of means; but afterwards they act as if their work was done. The Scriptures every where represent striving and labor as subsequent to Regeneration. Almost all that is said in the New Testament about watching, warring, wrestling, pressing forward, crying to God day and night, is said to christians. But there are many professors of Religion, who have adopted the strange anti-scriptural notion of having all this before they are converted, so as to have an easy time of it afterwards, in sloth and indolence. The only way of knowing our election is by our conversion; and the only way to know our conversion is by our loving God; the only way to know that we love God is by the fruits and effects, i. e., by obedience; the more there abound, the fuller the testimony of our own concience to our integrity, and of our own spirit with the spirit of integrity, and of our own spirit of God, that we are born again. For as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God; but this must be sought with diligence; and thus that becomes sure in our conciences, which was indeed sure before in the secret purpose of God.

1. There must be diligence in the cultivation of the christian virtues. The christian graces (part of the christian spirit) are all susceptible of culture—religion is the fair result of culture. No man has any more religion than he intends to have, hence the importance of diligence (keeping at it) There is a beauty in moral consistency, resembling the symmetry of a well proportioned building, but consistency can only be acquired and obtained by diligently cultivating every part of the christian character. The circle virtues must be complete without charms and obliquities, and to the attainment of this end there must be close application to culture. Such a character, we do not often witness—nothing deficient, nothing redundant, yet this is the model character of the Bible. For making all due allowance for difference of constitutional temperament, there can be no incompatibility between the virtues of the christian life. They are branches of the same root, and the principle that nourishes one, communicates its virtue to all. Hence there is no good reason why there should be great zeal and boldness, etc, and no humility and meekness. Therefore every part of the christian character should be assiduously cultivated, that there may appear a beautiful proportion in your virtue. Giving all diligence, etc., i. e., earnestness, activity energy, etc. Add to your faith virtue, etc.

St. Peter says:

1. Add to your faith (faith in Christ) virtue, strength, courage, without which no christian can stand up for good works. Holy fortitude is greatly needed by all christians while they live; and will be of excellent use to them when dying. Therefore Paul says, Quit you like men, be strong.

2. To virtue knowledge, prudence to courage—true wisdom by which faith will be increased, courage directed and preserved from degenerating into rashness.

3. To knowledge temperance. 1. Abstinence from strong drink as a beverage.

2. Moderation in desiring and using the good things of natural life, i. e., meat, drink, clothes, sleep, recreations, etc. An inordinate desire after these things is inconsistent with an earnest desire after God and Christ. Those who take more than is needful of these things, cannot render to God nor man what is due them.

4. To temperance patience. A calm temper which bears evils without murmuring and fretfulness, springing from submission to the divine will.

5. To patience godliness—true piety, the fear of God to restrain us from sin, and the love of God to constrain us to duty.

6. To godliness brotherly kindness—love to the brethern, fellow christians, to christians as such, bearing the image of Christ.

7. To brotherly kindness charity—love to mankind, the whole race. Even to enemies and persecuters. Math. 5:44, Christ says, Love your enemies.

What a splendid concatenation of excellent virtues! What a magnificent golden chain reaching back to faith, which unites us to Christ, and to love the Lord of faith, uniting us to God who himself is Love. In order to the proper cultivation, increase and development of these gifts of the Holy Spirit in the soul of the christian there must be diligence, all diligence, diligence in reading the word of God, in all the exercises of Religion, prayer, religious conversation, etc.

2. Diligence is highly needful to rapid growth and progress in holiness. He who would not remain a dwarf, a mere pigmy to be devoured by cranes at last must be diligent.

3. Diligence is necessary to an accumulation of virtues and graces. We should not be satisfied with one virtue, or one class of virtues, but add one after another till we possess them all, till we attain to the stature of men and women in Christ. And when we once get full of the image of Christ, our assurance of salvation will be certain.

4. The advantages of diligence indicate its importance.

1. Abundence of good works.

For if these things be in you, and abound they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

2. Stability in grace.

If ye do these things, ye shall never fall into sin. The power of God will keep you, with the concurrence of your own careful and continued endeavors through faith unto salvation.

3. A triumphant entrance into glory. For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Well may Peter say, Make your calling and election sure. The assurance of salvation required all diligence.

J. T.,
Aaronsburg.

CENTENNIAL HYMN OF PRAISE.

By J. C. M.

A century now is past and gone,
Gone o'er the ocean of time;
Years and days have hurriedly flown,
And ne'er are brought to mine.
Thy merciful hand has guided us on,
On to the summit of Fame,
And e're another day shall dawn,
Our liberty we will proclaim.

Victory, glorious victory, is ours,
The foe in shame has retired,
And the proud banner on yonder tower
Declares the foe has expired.
Hard were the trials they had to bear,
But brave the men who bore them;
For oft they were tempted to despair,
But always they overcame them.

But those days of suffering have long since faded,
And thanks be to God on high,
Where once the battle and fray had pervaded,
Is wealth which we cannot deny.
As long as the planets their course run,
And the sun shed his light o'er the world,
So long may be heard from every tongue,
Words of praise for this mercy unfurled.

Ring out ye bells and let America's vales,
Resound with lofty praise.
May every one who breath inhales,
His voice to heaven raise.
From hill top and from shore to shore
His glorious name pronounce,
The sun of oppression rises no more,
And slavery we denounce.

Ne'er let those lips of yours be mute,
As long as breath be given.
Beware the awful throne repute,
And bury you in oblivion.
Until the heavens pass away
Be faithful to your God,
Until the night shuts out the day,
Be guided by his rod.

AN EXPLANATION ASKED FROM GRANT.

[From the Methodist.]

We are among those who believe that President Grant ought to explain to this Christian nation, why he has pardoned seven gaugers convicted of using their official powers to aid in defrauding the revenue of the United States. We expressed, two weeks ago, a fear that the whiskey men would soon be back in power. The pardoning of seven office holders, convicted by juries of defrauding the revenue, looks very badly to us; and there are intimations that the rest of Mr. Bristow's jail-birds will soon be given free wings. The least prejudiced observers will involuntarily think of the charge, that campaign funds came in 1872 from the Whiskey Ring, and ask hard questions.

Hotel and boarding-house keepers can now attach the wages of their boarders for their board bills under a law passed at the last session of the Legislature.

THE MIDSUMMER HOLLIDAY SCRIBNER.—The publishers of Scribner's Monthly propose as their special contribution to "the glories of the Centennial year," the publication of the most beautiful number of a popular magazine ever issued in the world. The ambition is a laudable one, the promise is made in good faith, and the power to fulfill the promise will hardly be doubted by those who have watched the history and progress of the Scribner magazines.

This special number of Scribner's Monthly, which will be entitled "The Midsummer Holiday Number," will comprise one hundred and sixty pages, contributed by the most eminent writers; among these are Bryant, Stoddard, "H. H." Sidney Lanier, Bret Harte, E. E. Hale, Col. Waring, John Burroughs, T. B. Aldrick, Celia Thaxter, Tourgueneff, the Russian novelist, Gail Hamilton, Henry James, Jr., and others only less distinguished. The illustrations will be profuse in number, and specially notable as specimens the designer's, engraver's and printer's arts. All that culture and skill, developed by a fruitful experience, can do to make this number of the magazine attractive, will be done. The edition will be 75,000 copies. The contents of the Midsummer Holliday number of Scribner will be light, as midsummer reading gratifully should be, but some of the contributions will be extraordinary. Mr. Bryant's poem of one hundred and sixty lines, produced at his advanced age, will fairly dispute the claim to eminence with some of his earlier and best known work. Stoddard's "Hospes Civitatis" is the longest, most ambitious, and best poem he has written for many years. Mrs. Burnett begins her serial, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and Bret Harte ends "Gabriel Conroy." Hill-and-dale-town, by "H. H.," is a notable sketch, with lavish wealth of illustration, and Miss Bridges makes her first appearance as an illustrator in Mr. Burroughs' characteristic article on birds. The Midsummer Holliday Number of Scribner's Monthly will be issued about the 25th of July, and cannot fail to attract very wide attention, not only from our own people, but from our intelligent visitors from the other side of the water. Dealers should send in their orders at once.

SCRIBNER & CO.,
745 Broadway, New York.

A STEAMER BURNED ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

Twenty-seven Lives Lost.

Houghton, Mich., July 10.—Last Sunday morning the propeller St. Clair, Capt. Robert Rhyness, from Duluth, left Ontonagon for this port having on board eighteen passengers and a crew of fourteen persons. When off Fourteen Mile point, and five miles from land, a fire was discovered in the vessel and immediately the boat was enveloped in smoke and flames. Owing to the rapidity with which the flames spread, but one boat was launched. All the passengers succeeded in putting life preservers on, when a rush was made for the yawl which was swamped six or seven times. All but one of the passengers perished, together with ten of the crew.

SIXTY FATAL CASES OF SUNSTROKE IN NEW YORK.

New York, July 11.—The deaths yesterday from sunstroke exceeded in number those of any previous day for 55 years, except July 2, 1872, when 74 were reported. The peculiarity of yesterday's fatal record was that every case of sunstroke reported at the police office, with one or two exceptions terminated fatally. Up to three p. m., yesterday the Health Board had issued 222 burial permits, an unusual large number for any one day, while the proportion of infants who died was also largely on the increase. The regular weekly report of the Bureau of vital Statistics only will show the true number of deaths from sunstroke yesterday, which is believed, by officials at the Health office, to be nearly 60.

Baltimore, July 11.—Yesterday there were 27 cases of sunstroke, 14 fatal.

The Lungs.

CONSUMPTION!

This distressing and dangerous complaint and its premonitory symptoms, neglected cough, night sweats, horseness, wasting flesh fever—permanently cured by "Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry."

BRONCHITIS—A premonitor of Pulmonary Consumption, is characterized by catarrh, or inflamation of the mucus membrane of the air passages, with cough and expectoration, short breath, hoarseness, pains in the chest. For all Bronchial affections, sore throat, loss of voice, coughs,

Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry

is a sovereign remedy.

Hemorrage, or Spitting of Blood, may proceed from the larynx, trachia, bronchia or lungs, and arises from various causes, as undue physical exertion, plethora, or fullness of the vessels, weak lungs, overstraining of the voice, suppressed evacuation, obstruction of the spleen or liver, &c.

Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry

strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

The only standard remedy for hemorrage, bronchial and all pulmonary complaints. Consumptives, or those predisposed to weak lungs, should not fail to use this great vegetable remedy.

Its marvelous power, not only over consumption, but over every chronic disease where a gradual alterative action is needed. Under its use the cough is loosened, the night sweats diminished, the pain subsides, the pulse returns to its natural standard, the stomach is improved in its power to digest and assimilate the food, and every organ has a purer and better quality of blood supplied to it, out of which recreative and plastic material is made.

Prepared only by
DR. SWAYNE & SON,
33 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
Sold by all Prominent Druggists.

ITCHING PILES!

PILES, PILES, ITCHING PILES,
Positively cured by the use of
SWAINE'S OINTMENT.
Home Testimony.

I was sorely afflicted with one of the most distressing of all diseases Pruritus or Prurigo, or more commonly known as Itching Piles. The itching at times was almost intolerable, increased by scratching, and not unfrequently become sore. I bought a box of "Swayne's Ointment;" its use gave quick relief, and in a short time made a perfect cure. I can now sleep undisturbed, and I would advise all who are suffering with this distressing complaint to procure "Swayne's Ointment" at once. I had tried prescriptions almost innumerable, without finding any permanent relief. JOS. W. CHRIST,
(Firm of Roedel & Christ.)
Boot and Shoe House, 344 North Second St., Philadelphia.

SKIN DISEASES.

Swayne's All-healing Ointment is also a specific for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barber's Itch, Blotches, all Scaly, Crusty, Cutaneous Eruptions. Perfectly safe and harmless even on the most tender infant. Price, 50 cents. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

Sold by all Leading Druggists.
Prepared only by
Dr. Swayne & Son,
330 NORTH SIXTH STREET,
Philadelphia.
Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers
SWAYNE'S PANACEA

Celebrated all over the world for its remarkable cures of Scrofula, Mercurial and Syphilitic Complaints, and in cases where Syphilitic virus of the parent, causes a development of Syphilis

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY JULY 20, 1876.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. P. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 357, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening, on or after each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. W. B. MINGLE, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, P of H, meets on Saturday afternoon on or after each full moon, at their Hall.
J. J. ARNEY.

Y. M. C. A. of Centre Hall, meets in the basement of the Lutheran church, as follows: DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS-2nd and 4th Friday evenings of each month. YOUNG MEN'S PRAYER MEETING, 1st and 3rd Friday evenings. BUSINESS MEETINGS, the 5th Friday evening of all months having five Fridays.
M. DERSTINE, President. W. A. KRISE, Secretary.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending on Items of local news in their locality, givs us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of five new Subscribers, with the *cash*, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the REPORTER, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

—A heavy thunder shower on Monday. Lightning struck an oak tree a short distance below the Fort and killed 17 sheep.

—If Bob Pruner wanted to fool Bob Larimer, he should have waited until the first of April. Ten miles (round trip) is too much under such a sun as we had last week.

—A bunch of timothy stalks was brought to this office on Monday by Bruce Lingle; the largest measuring 4 feet and 9½ inches. Good.

— From his card it will be seen that Wm. P. M'Manus has opened a law-office at Bellefonte. Mr. M. is a ripe scholar and a gentleman of ability.

—The 17 sheep which we mentioned in last week's Reporter as having been killed by lightning under a tree, belonged to Mr. Hershberger on the "Stump" farm, 2½miles east from here.

—Always go to Hoffer & Kline's in in the iron front if you want the best bargains. The largest store in the county. Headquarters for farmers. Goods marked down again. New goods received every week.

—On last Sunday, 15, the corner-stone of the new Lutheran church, at Rebersburg, was laid with appropriate ceremonies. Revs. Temlinson, Alleman and Aurand officiated. A large concourse of people was present.

—New potatoes sold at Lewistown, at $1.50 per bushel, says the Gazette.

—The King Bridge Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, has the contract for an iron truss bridge at Lewistown, at the gross sum of $14,300.

— Delicious ice-cream, every Saturday evening, at Jno. H. Miller's, on the hill.

—Lock Haven has a citizen named Gaudam, and he keeps a hotel. What a Gau-dam house it must be—no wonder it was struck by lightning the other day.

— The annual meeting of the Veteran Club of Centre county, will be held in Taylor's woods near Centre Hall, Sept. 16, next.

—The Lewisburg Chronicle speaking of the crops in Union county says: Harvest is over, and the wheat has been secured with little or no loss. The crop is quite light, however, scarcely averaging more than half a crop; the grain, furthermore, is reported to be of inferior quality. Hay is excellent, and the oats crop promises well.

—Huckleberries at 3½ cents per quart in Sugar Valley. They must be plenty there.

—Wm. Palmer, a son of James Palmer, of Potter's Mills, aged about 15 years, died on last Saturday night from the effects of a fall from a walnut tree some six years ago, when he sustained an injury of the spine which completely paralized the lower portion of his body rendering him helpless and insensible to pain in those portions. He has lingered patiently since, apparently free from pain, until death put an end to his helpless condition.

—Michael Swartz, of Orangeville, Ill., writes us, July 7: I have been a citizen of Orangeville 21 years, and we have had a wet season every seventh year, and now we have a wet season that beats all of them. We had four floods since the first week of March. On the night of the 4th inst., there was another flood which destroyed hundreds of tons of hay and grass. My own loss since the first week of March is $200; it does not rain but it pours down. The crops look tolerably well; rye ready to cut; the wheat crop is light; oats looks fine. If the rains do not soon quit, we will have no small grain. Fences were swept from my farm this year where they never were before; I lost about ten tons of hay and grass and some farmers have lost all their hay and grass.

— The Beatty Piano, and Beatty's Golden Tongue Organs manufactured by Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J., are highly endorsed by all who have tested them, as to the style of case, durability, and sweetness of tone. They are said to excel any other instruments in perfect construction. See his advertisement in another colum. n 1 m.

—Two good covered stage wagons, 8 head of horses and harness, are offered for sale, cheap, by George Miller, near Wolf's Store, Pa. 13 jul 3t.

—All persons visiting Bellefonte are hereby invited to call at Zeller's Drug Store for a glass of Bower's Mead—the most healthful and popular drink of the day. It is delicious. It is a combination of the most choice and fragrant aromatics known. 29 may 4t.

☞Subscribers sending their subscription to this office, can see on the address on each paper, whether credit has been given—that answers same as a receipt.

—We have tried Bower's Mead at Zeller's Drug Store and it is just as good as they say it is—just the thing for a warm day—cooling and delightful. 4t.

J. S. MILLER, Fashionable Tailor, Aaronsburg. Shop few doors west of Dr. Musser's 4may tf

ARREST OF THREE DESPERADOES—THEY KILL FOUR PERSONS—THEY GET CLEAR OF THE OFFICERS, BUT ARE STONED TO DEATH.

Newark, N. J., July 13.—To-day, three young Germans, brothers, named Fiehorn, who have been known as desperate characters for years, were arrested by Police Officers Dickerson and Elsden for disorderly conduct. As the officers attempted to march them off, the men drew revolvers and shot Elsden dead and fatally wounded Dickerson, escaping from the crowd. The desperadoes ran up the street to J. W. Dawson's tannery, in River street, where they formerly worked. There they called for Mr. Meyer, the foreman, who had discharged them, but not finding him they commenced and indiscriminate firing on the shop, which resulted in the killing of John Albus, assistant foreman, and wounding of two workmen. The employes of the shop turned out en masse and chased the murderers toward the river. In the pursuit, the workmen used stones and knives, striking the murderers several times before they reached the river. The latter leaped into the water and attempted to escape across, but were stoned to death by the outraged workmen.

Late on Friday night the stables of Jas. Allen & Sons, railroad contractors, at Port Morris, were destroyed by fire. Fifteen horses perished in the flames. The loss amounts to $20,000, and he cause of the fire is unknown.

THE LATE BATTLE.

Further Details By Indians.

Chicago, July 12.—Special's from Sioux City, says: Indians arriving here from the battle with Custer, give accounts of the barbarous treatment of the bodies of dead soldiers. Rain-in-the-face cut the heart from Custer's dead body, put it on a pole and a grand war dance was held around it. The Indians were jubilant, bountiful and sanguine of making better terms on account of their success.

Sioux City, Iowa July 12.—The agency of the Indians along the Upper Missouri who have received an account of Custer's fight through some hostiles who took part in it, say Custer shot three Indians with his pistol and killed three others with his sabre when he fell, shot through the head by Rain-in-the-face, a chief whom Custer had forcibly arrested some time ago for murder. The Indians lost seventy killed, among them some noted chiefs. The fight was hand to hand. The Indians say they did not fear pistols as much as sabres. They are nearly out of ammunition and will not fight again until they get a supply from the agencies.

Atchison, Ks., July 12.—Six companies of the Sixth infantry, under command of General Miles, passed through here this evening en route to the Sioux country. They were from Fort Leavenworth.

GEN. CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE.

Lieut. Carland's Story of the Sanguinary Battle with the Sioux.

Detroit, July 13.—A letter dated "Mouth of the Little Horn, June 29," giving a new version of Custer's fight with the Sioux, has just been received from Lieut. John Carland of Company B, Sixth Infantry attached to Gen. Gibbon's command. Lieut. Carland says:

"At the mouth of the Rosebud, on the 22nd of June, we struck a large Indian train leading up the Rosebud valley. Gen. Custer from there took command of the twelve companies of cavalry and pushed on after the Sioux. He followed them to the foot of the mountains, and found by scouting in the valley that they were encamped on a branch of the Little Horn. This was on the night of the 24th. On the 25th he took five companies and followed the stream down on one side, while Major Reno, with seven companies, went down on the other. Custer's object was to attack the enemy in the rear while Custer fought them in front. This would have worked all right, as Reno had got in their rear, but Gen. Custer, marching down on the other side, saw what he supposed was the front of the camp on them, made a charge on them, the Indians giving way and letting him right into the gap. The brave man rode on with his 300 men, and would have killed the whole 2,000 Sioux, I believe, if there had been no enemy behind him; but instead of charging the front, he was right in the centre of between three thousand and four thousand Sioux. Those that were behind him kept concealed until he was right in their midst, and then, when it was too late, he made a bold dash trying to cut through them, but the enemy were too many. He fell about the first one, and the horses becoming unmanageable, the poor soldiers were cut down in less time than it takes to tell it.

The Sioux then turned with all their fury upon Major Reno. He charged them with one company, and returned with only eleven men. He then retreated a short distance, placing his men on a bluff. He kept them off until the night of the 27th, his men going without water 48 hours. He was relieved by Gens. Terry and Gibbon, who saw the fearful sight they were at the Little Horn, and thinking it a signal of the Sioux, marched that way just in time to save the last handful of the Seventh Cavalry.

Out of the whole regiment only 328 men are left, and forty of them are badly wounded. It was one heartsick to look over the battle ground and see the poor fellows, some of them with their entrails cut out, others with their eyes dug out and heart laid across their face. They even stopped to cut their pockets to get their money and watches. The most fearful fight was Col. Cook. He was a splendid looking man, with long, dark whiskers. They dug his face all out so as to get his fine beard it is supposed. They did not disfigure Gen. Custer in any way, but his brother, Tom Custer, was opened and his heart taken out.

Of Gen. Custer, Capt. Tom Custer, and Boston Custer, brothers of the General, First Lieutenant Calhoun, brother-in-law of the General, and A. H. Reed, the General's nephew, fell within ten feet of each other.

We estimate the loss of the enemy at 500, though it is hard to tell how many were killed, as they carried most of them away. Gen. Terry and the remaining officers are feeling very badly. I was standing by Gen. Custer when Gen. Terry came up, and as he looked down upon the noble General's mangled body, his face as he said: "The flower of the army is gone at last." Custer was supposed to be the first one who fell, but we found seventeen cartridge shells by his side, where he had kept them off until the last moment.

No blame can be attached to any one for this fearful slaughter. If Custer had had the whole regiment, it would only have been worse, as the Sioux were too many.

There is one poor Crow Indian on the boat who has five shots through him, yet he is happy because he has nine scalps at his side.

The Sioux were all from the same agency, as we found camp equipments that had never been used, also blankets that were new and branded United States Indian Department.

THE REPORTED DEATH OF SITTING BULL.

Chicago, July 14.—The Tribune's special from Fort Lincoln gives further details of the Little Horn fight, in which it says Sitting Bull was killed, also a white man named Milburn, Sitting Bull's chief adviser. It is thought Sitting Bull obtained nearly $20,000, the soldiers having just been paid.

CROOK HEARD FROM.

A SCOUTING PARTY MAKE A VERY NARROW ESCAPE.

Terry Unable to Move Till Reinforced.

General Crook's Military Column, Cloud Peak Camp, Wy. T., July 12, via Fort Fetterman, July 15.—Three couriers, James Bell, William Evans and Benjamin Steward, privates of the Seventh infantry, arrived in this camp this morning from General Terry's camp, on the Yellowstone, near the mouth of the Big Horn river. They started on the 8th and made the most daring ride on record, through the stronghold of the Sioux, in three nights and two days.

A reconnoitering party of thirty persons under the command of Second Lieutenant Frederick W. Sibley, of the second cavalry, was sent from this camp on July 6. They were to observe the movements and position of the Sioux, and if possible the whereabouts of Terry. On the 9th they returned on foot after a terrible retreat of two nights and one day.

The handful of men left our camp in broad daylight, with a strange absence of precaution, it being usual to disguise such movements under the shelter of darkness. They marched all night of the 6th, toward the sources of the Little Big Horn. On the 7th, after a slight meal, which afterward saved them from perishing, they pursued their course through some foot hills verging toward the mountains. At about half past four a large body of Sioux was espied from the top of the bluff, marching eastward. They seemed to spread all over the plain and evidently were moving to attack the camp on Grosse Creek. Lieutenant Sibley's party remained concealed and in horrible anxiety for an hour watching their movements. Soon a tremendous shout warned them that the trail they seemed to be looking for was found. Quickly hundreds of savages were crowded upon it and set out upon the chase at a full canter, uttering those terrible wolfish cries peculiar to the Sioux and Cheyennes. The scouting party mounted and galloped toward the mountains, the Sioux yelling as they caught a glimpse of them like hounds on the scent. They seemed to be distanced in the race, but had broken into two bodies and were making a double circuit to gain the high points which they knew the pursued must pass. The scouting party climbed the ridge and were approaching shelter about noon, trotting quietly through a ravine, when suddenly a volley of fifty shots was poured from the surrounding rocky slopes, where the savages were massed, while as many more of them charged down upon them like fury. Every man of the little party felt despair chilling him. They wheeled and galloped for the timber in the valley, followed by a volley. Before they reached shelter three horses were wounded.

They dismounted on a knoll covered by a grove, and could see the enemy swarming on the foot hills below, while constant reinforcements gained the higher points around them. A plunging fire tore the foliage from the pines, and as their numbers thickened the roar of the volleys was perfectly deafening.

The fusilade continued an hour, the scouts replying seldom, in order to save ammunition, when suddenly there was a lull, seeming to portend more mischief, the guides declaring that death was certain, and swore to end their own lives rather than suffer capture and torture.

A brief council was held, and by the advice of the guides they determined to attempt to escape further into the mountains, leaving their horses to engage the attention of the Sioux, tied to the trees. All the ammunition was taken from the saddles. The party then moved stealthily from the ground and dashed behind the projecting rocks. The Sioux did not see them, and they climbed up and up, over slippery precipices, until exhausted. While resting they heard firing recommence louder than ever, and knew all their horses would probably be killed, and be a sorry prize for their captors.

They continued to hear the sound of rifles until it died away in the distance. They toiled over mountains until dawn of July 8, resting under the cliffs. They once more abandoned hope when they saw a large band of Sioux among the foothills moving as if to intercept them. It, however, turned toward Tongue river, and they supposed it to be the rear guard of the larger force which had been advancing to attack either a camp or a wagon train. Their hunger was great, as they had abandoned all their rations. Before dusk they scrambled along the sides of the mountains all the night. About dawn on the 9th they reached the bank of Tongue river. Two men were so worn out that they could not ford the swift deep current. They therefore hid themselves in the thickets and were left. One of them was crazed by exhaustion and fear. A few miles further south the Sioux were seen, but, luckily, the fugitives escaped observation.

Four miles from camp, a packer, who was hauling, leaned his mule to one of the scouts, and news was carried to Colonel Royal, who was commanding during Gen. Crook's absence on a hunt. Two companies of cavalry were sent out with horses to bring them in. Before meeting the relief they were so fatigued they could only march 100 yards without dropping on the ground.

TILDEN'S ACCOMPLISHED REFORMS.

One of the most brilliant evidences of Gov. Tilden's statesmanship is given in the fact that the State tax of N. Y. has, under his administration, been reduced from 15,000,000 to 8,000,000 dollars. These are practical results. They are the work of one whose predecessors were not men of mean ability, but who were ranked high in Republican estimation. Noone of them ever accomplished so much although the obstacles in the way of its accomplishment were not half as great as those which Gov. Tilden was called upon to encounter. The idea of reducing State taxation did not appear to have entered their heads. Governor Tilden, with that far sightedness for which he is so remarkable, promised the people of New York in his inaugural not only that the full and complete disruption of the Tweed Ring should be accomplished, but that Canal Ring, which was composed of dishonest Republicans and Democrats, should also be abolished. He has kept his word faithfully. New York is relieved of Tweed and his gang, and the Canal Ring has been exposed and its guilty members brought to justice. But more than that was promised by Gov. Tilden—a reduction of taxation. This pledge, as were the two others, has been honestly redeemed, and the taxpayers of the Empire State are to-day rejoicing at the fact that their burdens have been lessened nearly one-half. Such a man the people should delight to honor. He is a reformer in the true sence of the word. If the demand for Federal administrative reform be sincere, who so competent to effect it as Gov. Tilden.?—Philadelphia Chronicle.

TILDEN THE REFORMER.

[From the Methodist.]

Gov. Tilden was elected to his present office by 50,000 majority over Gen. John A. Dix, a decisive test of personal popularity. After Mr. Bristow, he is the only man in high place who has risked anything in a fight against corruptionists. The Tweed and Canal Rings of this state have attracted far much attention as the Whiskey Ring. Mr. Bristow has resigned, and President Grant is pardoning the men whose conviction Bristow secured. Gov. Tilden, more fortunate than Bristow, has his foot on both the New York Rings, and was able to triumph over them at St. Louis.

CIRCASSIAN AND TURKISH ATROCITIES.

Belgrade, July 16.—Letters from Alexenatz state that the Circassians have burned two Bulgarian villages near Babingla-vs, murdering the men and cutting the children to pieces.

An official report states that during the Serbian attack on Nova Varcach the Turks placed Christian women and children in the entrenchments. Many were killed by the Serbian fire.

Rumored Defeat of the Serbians.

Ragusa, July 16.—News from Sclavonic sources announces that the Serbians, after a desperate engagement, were defeated at Limborg on the 14th. The Turks captured the Serbian cannons and a large booty, as well as their boats on the Drina, by means of which the Serbians intended to invade Turkish territory. The boats were destroyed. The Serbians lost 500 men and the Turks 302.

A MONTENEGRIN VICTORY OVER THE TURKS.

Ragusa, July 12.—Sclavonic advices announce that a force of 5,000 Turks attacked the village of Kerguege and Techza on Monday. The Turks were defeated and driven to Muriti, where they embarked on steamers in the Lake of Scutari. The Turks lost 400 and the Montenegrins 100. The latter captured a convoy of prisoners.

THE BULGARIAN HORRORS.

London, July 12.—The Daily News' Belgrade special says it is stated that the Bashi Bazouka in the Tsbarbazardick district of Bulgaria boastfully paraded a cart-load of heads of murdered women and children.

AN ALL-NIGHT WRESTLING MATCH.

Detroit, June 30.—At a wrestling match between J. H. McLaughlin, of Detroit, and J. H. Martin, of Ypsilanti, which took place here, the contestants wrestled from 10.45 last night till 6.30 this morning, without either party obtaining a fall. The referee endeavored to induce them to continue the match, but was unable to do so, and he then declared the match a draw, and all bets off. This was the most equally contested match ever witnessed, both participants having acknowledged, in conference with the referee, in presence of the audience at the close of the match, their inability to throw each other.

The next term of
THE PENN HALL ACADEMY
will open on Monday, July 24, 1876. Boarding and tuition at reasonable rates.
For particulars address the Principal,
Rev. D. M. WOLF,
Penn Hall, Centre co., Pa.
13 jul 1m

BEATTY'S Golden Tongue Parlor Organs.

Factory Established in 1856.

From the Press.

From G. D. White, Editor Hackettstown, N. J. Herald.

"The organ has a rich, deep and soul-stirring tone; could not stay in the house without it. It helps wonderfully to drive away the thoughts of hard times."

The Lebanon Pa. Daily News says:

"We are in receipt of one of those five octave Parlor Organs, manufactured by D. F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. This organ is a fine, solid black walnut case, and in tone it cannot be surpassed by any instrument of its kind."

From the Newell Neb. Register.

"We received this week, direct from the manufacturer, D. F. Beatty, Washington, N. J., his justly celebrated organ, elegant in appearance, and handsomely furnished unexcelled in richness and power of tone. We are more than pleased with it, and heartily recommend it to any one contemplating of purchasing an organ."

Best offer given. Money refunded upon return of organ and freight charges paid by me (D. F. Beatty) both ways if unsatisfactory, after a test trial of five days. Organ warranted for six years.

Agents wanted everywhere, male or female, to canvass for this superior instrument. Address D. F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

WM. P. M'MANUS, Attorney-at-law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office with Jas. McManus, esq. 29jul tf

TERRIBLE COLLIERY DISASTER—42 LIVES LOST.

Metz, July 9.—An explosion of fire damp has occurred at L'hopital Colliery, near Saint Anald. 42 persons were killed and 47 seriously injured.

THE THUNDER EXPLOSION—20 DEATHS.

London, July 15.—Later dispatches show that the fatalities caused by the accident on the war-ship Thunder yesterday are greater than at first stated. Up to this time 20 deaths have been reported, and the doctors say at least half of the injured are likely to die.

MARRIAGES.

On the 16th, inst., by Jos. Gates, J. P., Mr. Charles Wright and Mary R. Gardner, all of Ferguson twp.

On the 29, of June, by the Rev. F. Aurand, Mr. James E. Holloway and Miss Sadie Rower, both of Aaronsburg.

DEATHS.

On the 15th Aaronsburg, Elizabeth, widow of Jacob Holloway, aged about 60 years.

Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, manufacturer and proprietor of the Beatty Piano and Beatty's celebrated Golden Tongue Parlor Organs, Washington, N. J., is certainly a very reasonable and generous man to transact business with. He makes this very fair proposition to any who may favor him with an order, as follows: "If the instrument does not prove satisfactory after a test trial of five days after receiving it the purchase money will be refunded upon the return of the instrument, and he will pay freight charges both ways." This is certainly an exceeding, generous, and safe manner in which to transact business with him. He warrants his instruments for six years. See his advertisement. July 20-y

☞Standing announcements of candidates $5.00. Communications recommending persons for office, $1.50 to $2.00.

We are authorized to announce that George Buchanan of Gregg, is a candidate for Associate Judge subject to the democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that Maj Samuel Frank, of Rebersburg, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that John Rishel, of Potter, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that Wm. H. Miller, of Harris township, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to democratic rules.

MARKETS.

Chicago, July 15.—Wheat Aug 96@96¾ sel. Sep. 97@97¼. Corn sel. Aug. 46@46¾ sel. Oct. 46@47. Oats sel. Aug. 28. Rye 62. Barley sel. August 57½.

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour. ex. $4 25@4 75; high grades 7 25@8 75. Wheat amber 1 25; do white 1 35. Corn white 58; yellow 58@61. Oats western white 34@44. Petroleum refined 17.

MILROY MARKETS, corrected weekly by D. Shelmire.

Clover Seed $8 00 to $8 50.
Beef $6 to $7,00 per 100 lbs.
Corn 40c to 50c.
Rye 60c to 70
Soft Nova Scotia Plaster $8; ground $10 per ton.
White Wheat $1 25 to $1 30.
Red " $1 25 to $1 30.
Barley 70c to 75.
Timothy $2 to 2 50.
Plaster in Stone $7 75 to $8.
Salt 1 40 to 1 60.
Oats 32c to 35c.
Potatoes 25c to 30c.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1 30 Red 120....Rye 75 Corn ears 40. 45. Oats 35—Barley 90. 70....Clover seed $5,50.....Potatoes 80. Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster perton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15. Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buckwheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 7,00...

Nova Scotia plaster $11 50. Cayuga plaster $9,50 per 2000 lbs. Shelled corn 45 to 50.

BEATTY PIANO!

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

From Jas. F. Regan, firm Regan & Carter, publishers Daily and Weekly Tribune, Jefferson City, Mo., after receiving a $700 instrument, says:

"Piano reached us in good condition. I am well pleased with it. It is all you represent it to be."

From E. R. Baldridge, Bennington Furnace, Pa., after receiving a $700 piano.

"Beatty" received 4th inst., all O. K., and comes fully up to your representation, and exceeds our expectations. While I don't profess to be a judge in the matter, Mrs. B. does, and pronounces it of very sweet tone; and is very much pleased with it."

Best inducements ever offered. Money refunded upon return of Piano and freight charges paid by me (D. F. Beatty) both ways if unsatisfactory, after a test trial of five days. Pianos warranted for six years. Agents wanted. Send for catalogue. Address, D. F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

Centennial Store.

At Potters Mills.

L. B. McENTIRE

has just returned from Philadelphia with a large and well selected stock of

Cheap Goods,

which he offers CHEAP FOR CASH or country Produce, also a large stock of LADIE'S, GENT'S, and CHILDREN'S Shoes, Gaiters as low as $1.25 per pair, and all other goods in proportion. Dry Goods, Hosiery, Linens, Embroideries, White Goods, Laces, Notions and FANCY GOODS, strictly first-class goods below the usual prices. His Grocery Department consists of the

Cheapest and Best Quality of Groceries

a Penns Valley. Sugars, Teas, Coffees, Syrups, Spices, Canned Fruits, Crackers, Cheese, and Dried Fruits etc. Queensware, Hardware Wood and Willowware and Oilcloths of every description. Hats, caps, Drugs, Oil and Paints, also Cigars, Tobacco and Confectioneries. All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods, also highest price paid.

Also—Ladies will find a full line of millinery goods, comprising the latest styles.

I thank the people of Penns Valley for their liberal patronage. 18 my 6m

A NEW IDEA!

SOMETHING FOR ALL.

Being an axiom acknowledged by all, that the cash system, (or pay as you go,) is the most pleasant and safest,—as an incentive to more fully establish *that* system,—the undersigned therefore offer to the public a Premium of 50 cts. in Goods, on bills to the amount of $5.00, and 50 cts premium on all bills increased to the amount of $5.00, etc. (viz. on a bill to the amount of $10.00, we will pay $1.00 premium, in goods, for Cash or Produce.

We have READY MADE CLOTHING which we offer at *GREATLY REDUCED PRICES*, for Cash.

We thank our patrons for past patronage and all who will avail themselves of the inducement presented.

STROHM & SWARTZ,
22 Jun 3m. Churchville.

BEATTY PIANO!

Grand, Square and Upright.

From Rufus Snyder, of the firm of Snyder & Hendricks, Carriage Manufacturers, of the city of Allentown, Pa:

"I must confess I hardly know how to express my gratification on receiving the Beatty Piano you shipped me. It is at least all I could ask, wish or expect. One of our most eminent musicians tried it and spoke in the most favorable terms, after thoroughly testing it."

Best offer ever given. Money refunded upon return of Piano and freight charges paid by me (D. F. Beatty) both ways if unsatisfactory, after a test trial of five day. Pianos warranted for six years.
Address, D. F. BEATTY,
28jul y Washington, New Jersey.

A TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLAR DEFALCATION.

Pittsburg, July 15.—Since the appointment and induction into office of United States district attorney M'Cormick, an examination of the records shows that H. Bucher Swoope, ex-United States district attorney, now dead, was a defaulter to the government of $20,000. It appears that a number of merchants of Pittsburg during Swoope's term were prosecuted for violation of revenue laws—of disposing of goods without a proper revenue stamp thereon. Judgments were obtained and amounts, costs and commissions paid to Swoope, who, it appears, pocketed the money instead of turning it over to the United States Treasury, and a district attorney is not authorized to receive any moneys for the government, and as the government is not responsible for his financial acts, there is a disposition to collect from the unfortunate appellants the amounts standing against them on the docket. They have obtained a rule in the United States district court calling upon the government to show cause why the judgments should not be marked "satisfied." Mr. M'Cormick holds that the court has no power in the premises as a settlement of judgments obtained by the government rests solely with the treasury department at Washington.

EXPLOSION OF THE BOILER OF A STEAMER—15 PERSONS KILLED AND 32 WOUNDED.

Portsmouth, July 14.—An accident, the nature of which is unknown, occurred today on the Turret ship Thunderer on her trial trip. A large number of the injured have been taken to the naval hospital. It is reported that the boiler burst, killing fifteen persons and wounding thirty-two.

BEATTY PIANO!

Grand, Square and Upright.

From Geo. E. Letcher, firm of Wm. H. Letcher & Bro., Bankers, Fayette, Ohio.

"We received the piano and think it a very fine-toned one out here. Waited a short time to give it a good test. Pleased with it, and if we will cheerfully give it."

James R. Brown, Esq., Edwardsville, Ill., says:

"The Beatty Piano received give entire satisfaction." Agents wanted. Send for catalogue. Address, D. F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

HENRY BOOZER,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
HARNESS,
SADDLES, BRIDLES, &c.,
CENTRE HALL, PA

☞Repairing of all kinds executed at short notice. 29 jun 6m.

HARRIS, J. D. SHUGERT, J. A. BEAVER
JOHN HOFFER, PETER HOFFER.
PENNSVALLEY BANKING CO.
CENTRE HALL, PA.
RECEIVE DEPOSITS, and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.
PETER HOFFER, Pres't. WM. B. MINGLE, Cashier.

CENTENNIAL
AT CENTRE HALL,
AT
Wolf's Old Stand.
Magnificent Stock of Spring and Summer Goods.

One Price! Low Price!

POLITE ATTENTION!

Having just returned from the East, and bought at panic prices, I am now prepared to sell cheaper than ever before. My stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
NOTIONS,
HOSIERY,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
RUBBER BOOTS,
SANDALS, &c., &c.

Ladies' and Gents' Underwear a speciality.

A LARGE STOCK OF
READY - MADE CLOTHING
constantly on hand. Look at the figures:

Good Cassimere Suits, $10.00
Good Cassimere Coats, $5.00

Customers will find the stock complete, and a call is all that is required to assure you that this is the best place in the valley to buy your goods.

Remember, we have but one price for everyone.

WM. WOLF.

EXTRAORDINARY Inducements to Cash Buyers.

We wish to say to the people of Penns Valley, that we have just opened and are now offering full lines of all goods that we deal in at such prices *that even defy comment, or competition.*

PRICE IS THE OBJECT.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO EXAMINE OUR STOCK.

OUR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT is full of Bargains, at from Five dollars for a full Suit of Men's Clothing up to the finest Ready Made goods in town.

DRY GOODS

At such prices as will astonish you, Calicoes at 5 cents. Muslin at 6, 7 and 8 cents. Dress goods in all the newest styles from 10 cents per yard up to the best grades of Silk.

Boots and Shoes.

Ladies' Shoes at 1 dollar per pair. Misses' Shoes at 75 cents per pair. Men's Plow Shoes at $1.25. Men's Brogans at $1.25. In the

NOTION DEPARTMENT

We have Ladies' Hose at 5 cents. Ladies' Hose at 10c. Men's Hose at 5 cents. Ladies' handkerchiefs at 5c. Kid Gloves at 50 cents. Clark's O. N. T., Cotton. 6c, and all other goods in proportion.

GIVE US A CALL WHEN YOU COME TO TOWN--REMEMBER THE PLACE

—THE OLD ESTABLISHED STAND OF

Apr 27

S. & A. LOEB.

HARDWARE and STOVES

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.,
(Successors to WILSON & HICKS,)

will sell HARDWARE, STOVES, Saddlery, Coach-makers' Material, Builders Hardware, of all kinds, Paints, Oils, &c. Nails, Iron and Glass a specialty, at the LOWEST CASH PRICES. Childrens' Carriages, Shovel Plows, Cutting Boxes, etc. We have the best COOK STOVES and RANGES in the Market, and warrant them to be good. We keep all repairs for same, and will sell lower than elsewhere. Any one in this county, building, or dealing in this line of goods, will pay them to come and see us.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BROTHER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

JOHN F. ALEXANDER, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Centre Hall and vicinity. Consultation in English or German. Has a full line of instruments for extract'g teeth. Office and residence in the Luth. parsonage. 27feb tf

To the Working Class.—We can furnish you employment at which you can make very large pay, in your own localities, without being away from home over night. Agents wanted in every town and county to take subscribers for The Centennial Record, the largest publication in the United States—32 pages, 64 columns, Elegantly Illustrated. Terms only $1 per year. The Record is devoted to whatever is of interest connected with the Centennial year. The Great Exhibition at Philadelphia is fully illustrated in detail. Everybody wants it. The whole people feel great interest in their Country's Centennial Birthday, and want to know all about it. An elegant patriotic design drawing premium picture is presented free to each subscriber. It is entitled, "In remembrance of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Independence of the United States." Size, 25 by 30 inches. Any one can become a successful agent, for but show the paper and picture and hundreds of subscribers are easily obtained everywhere. There is no business that will pay like that at present. We have many agents who are making as high as $20 per day and upwards. Now is the time—don't delay. Remember it costs nothing to give the business a trial. Send for our circulars, terms, and sample copy of paper, which are sent free to all who apply. Do it to-day. Complete outfit free to those who decide to engage. Farmers and mechanics, and their sons and daughters make very best of agents. Address, THE CENTENNIAL RECORD, Portland, Maine.
22 jun 6m.

BUY YOUR DRUGS FROM
RANKIN'S
Drug Store,
(NEXT DOOR TO THE DESCHNER GUN STORE.)
FRESH AND CHEAP.
Apr. 22

HENRY BROCKERHOFF, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.
CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO
(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)
RECEIVE DEPOSITS,
And Allow interest,
Discount Notes,
Buy and Sell,
Government Securities, Gold & Coupons
ap10'68tf

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City.
3apr 6m

CUMMINGS HOUSE
Bellefonte, PA.
ISAAC MILLER, Proprietor.
The Cummings House, on Bishop street, is one of the pleasantest located hotels in the town. It has the best stables to the place, has an excellent livery attached and every attention will be paid guests. No pains will be spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping place for the public. Boarding by the day or week, and rates charged will always be found very low. june 18

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.
BELLEFONTE, PA.
D. JOHNSON & SONS.
This well known hotel, situate in the business portion of the town, has been thoroughly renovated, repainted and furnished anew. It will be the aim of the proprietors to make it a pleasant House for those who may favor them with their patronage. A free carriage is run to the depot, and the best stables in town are connected with the House. 29apr

WM. P. WILSON, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Benner's Building, Bellefonte Pa.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law. Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have executed deeds, mortgages, &c. Office in the diamond, north side of the court house, Bellefonte. oct25'68tf

FURNITURE.

JOHN BRECHBILL,

in his elegant New Rooms, Spring street Bellefonte,

Has on hand a splendid assortment o HOUSE FURNITURE from the commonest to the most elegant.

CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES,

and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. All so, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of

WALL PAPER.

Goods sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. feb6-ly

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Reynolds bank.

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS AND
Panic Prices.
H. A. LARRIMER.
at the old Centre Hill stand.
Just opening a Stock of
NEW GOODS,
OLD FASHIONED PRICES!
A large variety of
Ladies Dress Goods
Great Bargains in
Muslins and Calicoes,
Ready-made Clothing
Warranted to Suit.
His Cloths and Cassimers,
Cant be excelled
His Grocery Department,
Astonishes every one in assortment and low prices.
Syrup, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Canned fruits,
Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Cheese,
and every other article belonging to the Grocery Department.
☞Farmers, Mechanics and Laborers look to your interest. One dollar saved is a dollar in pocket. Then call and see at what astonishingly low prices.
☞No trouble to show Goods.☜
Also the choicest FAMILY FLOUR always on hand. Apr. 15, y.

Miller & Son,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c.
PURE WINE AND LIQUORS,
for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety.
Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first class Dr

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Method in Raising Corn.

At a late meeting of the Western New York farmers' club, Mr. Root discussed the question of the manner of producing corn cheaply as follows: He said he could do no better than give his practice. Corn is undoubtedly our great national crop. Had found that in preparing land for corn, especially heavy soils, the better way is to spread manure from the barnyard on the surface, and plow it under. Many claim that to plow it under is to promote loss from leaching. His experience is to the contrary. In land with a firm subsoil there is no loss. Porous subsoils will waste a little, but much less in his opinion than many suppose. More is lost by evaporation than by leaching. Last fall, plowed under manure on a portion of his wheat, and left it on the surface on another portion. The wheat on that plowed under was much the better in the spring.

After plowing his corn ground, harrows it until fine and mellow. Don't want roller on corn; it is different from wheat. Can't get the ground too light for corn. The last thing before planting goes over it with a smoothing harrow. Takes his wheat drill and drills in the rows four feet apart, using a peck of corn to the acre, making the rows as straight as possible, and would pass over with smoothing harrow after drilling. Has found it a good plan to go over oats or barley with the smoothing harrow after drilling. Has mixed plaster and superphosphate and drilled in with corn.

As soon as the corn begins to come up, would use smoothing harrows on light lands, but the common harrow on heavy. Then he uses the common cultivator, running very close to the rows. Can run closer to corn in drills than in hills, and can cultivate cleaner than by going both ways when planted in hills. Keeps cultivator going once a week till the corn is too large. At the last cultivation, uses a hiller of his own make to hill up a little and cover weeds between stalks.

Has raised as good corn as he ever raised without using a hoe, but where there are Canada thistles or quack grass would go over and cut up with hoe after corn is too large to cultivate. Had killed thistles and quack by one crop of corn.

In harvesting, cuts up at the ground and shocks. We sometimes make too large shocks for corn to cure well. There should never be more than one bushel in a shock. Takes five rows and brings the stalks of two rows together to start the shock. This holds the shock more firmly than where it is stood up around one hill, and leaves more of an open space in the center. In husking, throws his corn upon the ground, draws in upon the barn floor, and assorts, cribbing his sound and feeding his soft to stock. Cost of raising, of course, depends on yield and soil. His, for a series of years, averages one hundred bushels of ears to the acre. We can raise corn as cheaply here as anywhere. Believes that we should raise our own corn for feeding, and not depend upon the Western States, as some advocate. The stalks, if properly cured, are as good as hay.

How to Raise Choice Seeds.

Some fine plump cabbage seed were distributed in the farmers' club for experiment; they were raised on the rich tide lands of Puget sound, in Washington Territory. The donor wrote that he can easily obtain one pound of seed per head. He raises none except from the largest, best formed heads and from the best Eastern grown stock. He believes that the reason English cabbage seed are not as reliable for heading as American is that not as much care is taken with the seed stock; they save too many loose heads and stumps for seed and have run the stock down. It is well known that at least more than one-half of the cabbage seed annually sown in this country is destroyed by the cabbage flea and the small white grub which preys upon the roots of the plant, eating off all the fibers and leaving only one long top root, which renders the plant worthless, for if it servives the transplanting it is sure to be affected by the club root and other diseases.

A brief discussion grew out of the exhibition of this seed, in relation to whether seed raised in one latitude will readily thrive in another.

Dr. Smith believed not, but thought they would soon degenerate. He recalled some squash seed he once brought from Damascus, and some onions from near Mount Lebanon; the first was of the long necked kind, measuring four feet, and the other of mammoth size. In two years the seed from the long squash produced an ordinary round squash, and the onions came down in three years to the ordinary English kind; and this in spite of the very best cultivation.

Professor Colton, of Tennessee, repeated the old rule that it will not do to take seeds from a hot to a cold climate.

Dr. Trimble referred to the failure of the seeds distributed in times past by the United States patent office, as proof of the fact that seeds taken from one latitude will not do well in another.

Effect of Gypsum.

A correspondent of the *Times* writes: In reading some remarks on gypsum and its application, I noticed a suggestive error in regard to its application upon plants when wet. I learned years ago, by a chance circumstance, that plaster does no go till thoroughly washed into the ground by rainfall. A part of a field of corn was plastered before and a part after a heavy shower. That part plastered before the shower, where the plaster was washed out of sight immediately, put on a deep green color and grew rapidly, while that plastered after the shower, where the plaster remained in a dry state around the hills, retained its yellow color, and grew more slowly; and although it assumed the deep green, and commenced growing when the other rains came two weeks afterward, it never overtook the other, the difference being plain to be seen during the summer.

The action of gypsum upon plants cannot take place until it is dissolved and has entered the roots. It is very clear then that it cannot be of the slightest use either upon the leaves or on the ground during dry weather. There is nothing whatever about the action of gypsum as a fertilizer that is different from any other fertilizer. It simply supplies some needed matters to the plant when it is dissolved in water and is absorbed by the roots.

Crop of Premium Wheat.

The Burlington County (New Jersey) Agricultural Society, in 1875, awarded their highest premium to Wm. Parry, of Cinnaminson, N. J., for the best average yield of thirty bushels per acre of wheat, at an average net profit of $23. He furnishes the following statement:

Sowed 6 41-100 acres with Fultz wheat on Sept. 24, 1874, which yielded 193 bushels; sold at $1 50 per bushel	$289 50
Straw and chaff, worth about	31 50
Total	$321 00
Cost of two plowings	$12 00
Ten bushels seed wheat at $1 50	15 00
Harrowing and cultivating	12 00
Hair manure (no other fertilizer used)	100 00
Harvesting and thrashing	34 50
Net profit	147 50
Total	$321 00

Mr. Crane said he supposed the hair manure was the refuse of some glue factory, which was very valuable as a manure, as he knew from experience.

A clergyman observing a poor man by the roadside, breaking stones, and kneeling, to get at his work better, made the remark: "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones." "Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees," was the reply.

There is a convict in one of the State penitentiaries serving out a sentence of two years for the crime of stealing an orange.

The Old Oak Door.

The old oak door is silent; but, then,
It has more fancies than most of men;
The roses hang over, the meads are in clover,
And the world goes on, from dawn to dawn,
Giving some joy and giving some pain;
My cot is kissed by the tearful rain,
And the oak door, swinging to and fro,
Seem's life's frail shuttle, weaving slow.

The old oak door is groaning; the light
On my heart within burns ruddy and bright;
Yet friends have departed, one came broken hearted,
To die in the shade this old door made;
And some have wandered so far away
They never shall stand where the shadows play
Of the old oak door, that, to and fro,
Weaves, as life's shuttle, sad and slow.

The old oak door has opened to greet
Full many a bride, with music sweet;
Father and mother, sister and brother
Have entered there; and children fair
Have raised its latch, in merry glee;
And the flowers without oft smiled to see
The old oak door that, to and fro,
Watched life's frail shuttle, weaving slow.

The old oak door has opened, and those
It loved passed through in a dreamless repose;
Father and mother, sister and brother
Have, one by one, their journeys done;
Within the fire burns warm and bright,
No childish form, nor bride in white,
Comes to the door; ah! to and fro,
Death stilled their voices long ago.

The old oak door is mourning; I speak,
And it answers back in a solemn creak;
Oh, treasure holy, however lowly,
To some you seem as a bygone dream,
You are to me, for childhood's kin
Have passed by you and died within;
So, dear old door, swing to and fro,
As some worn shuttle, tired and slow.

—*Minnie J. Overy.*

TRIED BY FIRE.

"The man is ruined—hopelessly ruined!"

The words startled me.

"So bad as that!" said the individual to whom the remark was made.

"Even so bad."

"Of whom are you speaking?" I ventured to ask.

"Of Jacob Atwood."

I started to my feet.

He was one of my old, intimate and long tried friends.

"Ruined, did you say? That man ruined? Impossible!"

"There is no doubt of it. I received my information from those who have the best right to know."

"What has he done?" I asked, eagerly.

My question was received in silence, as if the meaning was not clearly apprehended.

"Is he a defaulter?"

"No."

The answer showed some surprise at my question.

"Has he betrayed an honorable trust reposed in him by his fellow men?"

"No, sir; his integrity is without question. In all his public relations he was true as steel to principle."

"What then! Has he placed any portion of his property beyond the reach of creditors who have just claims upon him?"

"Oh, no," said I, speaking out warmly, "not in any sense a ruined man. The merchant may be ruined, but, thank Heaven, the man is whole."

The little company looked at me for a moment with surprise.

"The man is all right," I went on. "Only the scaffolding on which the workmen stood who were building up his character has fallen. Erect, calm, noble, half divine he stands now in the sunshine and in the storm. Around his majestic brow the clouds may gather; upon it the tempest may beat; but he is immovable in his great integrity."

Some smiled at my enthusiasm. To them there was none of the moral sublime in the ruined merchant.

Others looked a little more thoughtful than before, and one said feebly:

"There is something in that."

Something in that!

I should think there was. It was the first intelligence I had received of my friend's worldly misfortune and it grieved me.

In the evening I went to see Jacob Atwood. The windows of the elegant residence where he had lived for years were closed.

I looked up at the house—it had a deserted aspect.

I rung the bell; no one answered to my summons.

I could not repress the feeling of sadness that came over me.

The trial must have been severe even for a brave heart like his.

"I must find him," said I.

And I did find him; but far away from the neighborhood where merchant princes had their palace houses.

The house into which he had retired with his family looked small and mean and comfortless in comparison with the elegant abode from which he had removed.

I rang and was admitted. The parlor into which I was shown was a small room and the furniture not much better than we often see in the houses of the well-to-do mechanics, or clerks on moderate salaries. But everything was in order and scrupulously neat.

I had made only a hurried observation, when Mr. Atwood entered.

He looked somewhat careworn—his face was paler than when I last saw him, his eyes a little duller, his smile less cheerful.

The marks of trial and suffering were plainly visible.

It would have been almost a miracle had it been otherwise.

But he did not exhibit the aspect of a ruined man.

He grasped my hand warmly and said it was pleasant to look into the face of an old friend. I offered him words of sympathy.

"The worst is over," he answered, with manly cheerfulness, "and nothing is lost which may not be regained. I have found the bottom, know where I am, and there is strength enough left in me to stand up securely among the rushing waters. The best of all is, my property, which has been apportioned to my creditors, will pay every debt. That gives my heart its lightest pulsations."

"I heard that you were ruined," said I, as we sat talking together; "but I find that the man is whole. Not a principle invaded by the enemy—not a moral sentiment lost—not a jewel in the crown of honor missing."

He took my hand and, grasping it hard, looked into my face steadily for some moments. Then, in a subdued voice, he made answer:

"I trust that is ever so, my friend. But there were seasons in the wore than Egyptian night through which I have passed when the tempter's power seemed about to crush me. For myself I cared little; for my wife and children everything. The thought of seeing them go out from the pleasant home I had provided for them and step down, far down, to a lower level in the social grade, half distracted me for a time. For them I would have braved everything but dishonor. I could not stoop to that. And so I have passed a fiery ordeal and come out, I verily believe, a better man. No, my friend, I am not ruined. I have lost my fortune, but not my integrity."

And so the man stood firm. It was not in the power of any commercial disaster to ruin him.

The storm raged furiously; the waves beat madly against him; but he stood immovable, for his feet were upon the solid rock of honor.

French statistics show that woman is six times less criminal against person, four times less criminal against property, and twice less hardened a criminal than man. The record also proves that maternity is a better shield against bad life than paternity. Of 1,000 female criminals 251 are mothers, and of 1,000 male criminal 324 are fathers.

OUR CENTENNIAL LETTER.

The Japanese and their Display--The German Commission--Our Complications--Mauritius, Etc.

THE JAPANESE.

While I may have spoken of the "method of the madness" in the Japanese prices for their articles, I cannot withhold from them the praise due their energy and enterprise, their confidence in the Exhibition, and their happy facility in their accommodations to American manners and tastes. The Japanese have invested heavily in the Exhibition, and deserve credit for their sympathy. The government of Japan appropriated $300,000 for the general expenses of her exhibitors and $70,0000 for a government collection. The government also pays the personal expenses of all exhibitors as may wish to accompany their exhibits. There are 250 exhibitors. The principal portion of the articles are from the provinces of Higo, Tokio, Kiyto, Huiga, Omi and Yokohama. The fan, so peculiarly a Japanese design, was invented in the reign of the Emperor Tenji, A. D. 668, by a native of Tamba, he taking his idea from the wings of a bat, called Kana-hori, which was the name given the fan.

The "Japs" have some beautiful specimens of swords. Until lately, the wearing of one was considered an evidence of gentility. A late decree forbids the wearing of them. With the Japanese the sword is of divine origin, as it was handed by Amaterasu-on-kami, the heavenly ancestress of the actual dynasty, to one of her descendants, together with a mirror and a rounded stone, similar to those worn in former times as amulets. "When," said the divine Amaterasu, "thou art in want of contemplating the spirit of thy ancestors in all purity, and of distinguishing clearly the good and the bad, then look in this mirror; govern thy country as mild, as is comparable to this soft, rounding stone, and when any people disturb the peace of thy subjects chastise them with this sword and force them into submission." The scabbards of the swords are generally made of magnolia wood handsomely ornamented, often in fine repoussse work. The carving, inlaid and gilded work of this ingenious nation is wonderful. They have a splendid collection of bronze work. Their silks are rich and durable, but rather flaring for American taste.

REFLECTIONS ON THE GERMAN COMMISSION.

Some busybody has assailed the integrity of the German commission. The German minister at Washington says the statement that he charged some members of the German commission to the Philadelphia Exhibition with corrupt practices, and requested their removal, is entirely without foupdation; that he has made no such charges; that there have been no corrupt practices; and he has not asked for the removal of any of them. I am glad of this, as our German friends occupy too important a position to have it assailed by itinerant newsmongers, or viperous, irresponsible maligners. The Germans are a calculating race of people; they are honest and industrious—and they will not steal.

CAR COMPLICATIONS.

There are many lines of street car travel, and it is possible that to simplify them may be of service to those who will be compelled to use them in their varied trips over the different routes to the Centennial grounds. N. B.—If you are so situated, that you are not on a main line to the grounds, buy an exchange ticket, cost nine cents, thus saving twenty-five per cent. each trip. If you are within reach take the Market street line—I think it the most expeditious. In taking a car ask the conductor—"Do you go direct to the grounds?" or you may take a car that will carry you part of the way—where you will change, taking a through crowded car. It is easy to ask, and conductors are always polite—this will save you time and annoyance; on the Market street line take a yellow car. The cars at periods of the day, say from eight to eleven A. M., are crowded, in fact packed betwen those hours, or earlier you can have no difficulty in being comfortably seated; from half past four to six P. M. the packing again occurs; a little patience, and you can after that hour ride without difficulty.

MAURITIUS

Lies in the Indian ocean, between fifty-seven deg. seventeen min. and fifty-seven deg. forty-six min. longitude, and nineteen deg. fifty eight min. and twenty deg. thirty-two min. south latitude; it is four hundred miles east of Madagascar, and comprises an area of 676 square miles. The Mauritius were discovered by the Portuguese in 1507. The first settlement was by the Dutch in 1598, who named it Mauritius in honor of their Prince Maurice. They abandoned it. In 1710 the French took possession. It was afterward captured by the British in 1810, who, by the treaty of Paris in 1814, had their title confirmed. This important island to the British economy sends, through her commissioners, thirteen samples of sugar, and photographs of thirty six types of the inhabitants, Chinese, Indians, Malagosh and natives of Mozambique, coffee, vanilla, fifty specimens of medicinal plants, basket work, preserved fruits, and Mauritius work from the Mauritius botanical garden.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

The president of the Centennial commission has received 25,000 communications approving of the closing of the Exhibition on Sunday—some of these are signed by 5,000 persons. The con of the matter can have as many, opinions are divided, and as the time of the reassembling of the commission draws near the subject is being agitated, with much criminations and recriminations, among friends of the different leaders, who assume to figure as apostles of reform on the one hand, or of liberal or latitudinal ideas on the other, from my standpoint of opinion. Compromises may be made, but the Exhibition will not be opened on Sunday during the present administration—to which sentiment a hearty amen will go up from one class, and a bosh! from the other. All cannot be made happy—it is impossible. J. B.

An Absentminded Benedict.

An exchange prints the following: A prominent business man, whose name we will call Yates for short, had lived an old bachelor, but finally yielded to the charms of a young lady about twenty years of age, and submitted his neck to the matrimonial halter. In the days of his bachelorhood, the hero of our sketch had occupied a room over a business house, but after his marriage he stopped at the hotel. When he had been married about two weeks, one evening his bride awaited his coming until a late hour in the night. Finally, filled with horrible misgivings, and the dread of foul play, she sent friends in search of the missing one. All search proved unavailing, and the friends, nearly distracted with doubts and dread, were about to give up, when some one suggested, just for the assurance of the thing, that his bachelor quarters be searched. After raising quite a racket about the door a noise was heard inside, and finally the missing man made his appearance. The fact was the man had gone to his old quarters in a state of absentmindedness, and had retired and gone to sleep, without discovering his mistake.

A Female Physician.

It is related of a lady M. D. of New York city, a graduate of the French college of physicians, that once she called upon a lady friend whom it was supposed by the male doctors present had just been delivered of a dead child. But the female practitioner was not satisfied, and going into the chamber, took the lifeless clay, laid it on a table, and rolled and thumped and kneaded it, and breathed into it until it sent forth a cry that brought rapture to the mother's heart and triumph for the fair doctor. The child is now running around, as big and healthy as any of its age.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

The Republicans of Vermont have nominated Horace Fairbanks for governor and Redfield Proctor for lieutenant-governor.....

A boat race on the Thames for $1,000 a side, between Sadler, champion of England, and Trickett, champion of Australia, resulted in a victory for the Australian by four lengths.....

Oscar, crown prince of Sweden, in visiting the country in a quiet manner..... Mr. Blaine has sufficiently recovered to be able to leave Washington for Maine..... Wm. Kingsley shot his wife and then committed suicide in Providence, R. I. He was for many years a local preacher in the Methodist church.

The platform adopted by the National Democraty Convention, at St. Louis, declares, as the voice of the Democratic party of the United States, that the administration of the federal government is in urgent need of reform, and appeals to fellow citizens of every former political connection to undertake this first and most pressing patriotic duty of the Democracy of the whole country; it affirms faith in the permanency of the federal union; devotion to the Constitution of the United States, with its amendments universally accepted as a final settlement of the controversies that engendered civil war, and records steadfast confidence in the perpetuity of republican self-government; it declares in favor of the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; the total separation of church and State; the wearing of one was considered an evidence of gentility. A late decree forbids the wearing of them. With the Japanese the sword is of divine origin, as it was handed by Amaterasu-on-kami, the heavenly ancestress of the actual dynasty, to one of her descendants, together with a mirror and a rounded stone, similar to those worn in former times as amulets. "When," said the divine Amaterasu, "thou art in want of contemplating the spirit of thy ancestors in all purity, and of distinguishing clearly the good and the bad, then look in this mirror; govern thy country as mild, as is comparable to this soft, rounding stone, and when any people disturb the peace of thy subjects chastise them with this sword and force them into submission." The scabbards of the swords are generally made of magnolia wood handsomely ornamented, often in fine repoussse work. The carving, inlaid and gilded work of this ingenious nation is wonderful. They have a splendid collection of bronze work. Their silks are rich and durable, but rather flaring for American taste.

REFLECTIONS ON THE GERMAN COMMISSION.

Some busybody has assailed the integrity of the German commission. The German minister at Washington says the statement that he charged some members of the German commission to the Philadelphia Exhibition with corrupt practices, and requested their removal, is entirely without foupdation; that he has made no such charges; that there have been no corrupt practices; and he has not asked for the removal of any of them. I am glad of this, as our German friends occupy too important a position to have it assailed by itinerant newsmongers, or viperous, irresponsible maligners. The Germans are a calculating race of people; they are honest and industrious—and they will not steal.

CAR COMPLICATIONS.

There are many lines of street car travel, and it is possible that to simplify them may be of service to those who will be compelled to use them in their varied trips over the different routes to the Centennial grounds. N. B.—If you are so situated, that you are not on a main line to the grounds, buy an exchange ticket, cost nine cents, thus saving twenty-five per cent. each trip. If you are within reach take the Market street line—I think it the most expeditious. In taking a car ask the conductor—"Do you go direct to the grounds?" or you may take a car that will carry you part of the way—where you will change, taking a through crowded car. It is easy to ask, and conductors are always polite—this will save you time and annoyance; on the Market street line take a yellow car. The cars at periods of the day, say from eight to eleven A. M., are crowded, in fact packed betwen those hours, or earlier you can have no difficulty in being comfortably seated; from half past four to six P. M. the packing again occurs; a little patience, and you can after that hour ride without difficulty.

MAURITIUS

Lies in the Indian ocean, between fifty-seven deg. seventeen min. and fifty-seven deg. forty-six min. longitude, and nineteen deg. fifty eight min. and twenty deg. thirty-two min. south latitude; it is four hundred miles east of Madagascar, and comprises an area of 676 square miles. The Mauritius were discovered by the Portuguese in 1507. The first settlement was by the Dutch in 1598, who named it Mauritius in honor of their Prince Maurice. They abandoned it. In 1710 the French took possession. It was afterward captured by the British in 1810, who, by the treaty of Paris in 1814, had their title confirmed. This important island to the British economy sends, through her commissioners, thirteen samples of sugar, and photographs of thirty six types of the inhabitants, Chinese, Indians, Malagosh and natives of Mozambique, coffee, vanilla, fifty specimens of medicinal plants, basket work, preserved fruits, and Mauritius work from the Mauritius botanical garden.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

The president of the Centennial commission has received 25,000 communications approving of the closing of the Exhibition on Sunday—some of these are signed by 5,000 persons. The con of the matter can have as many, opinions are divided, and as the time of the reassembling of the commission draws near the subject is being agitated, with much criminations and recriminations, among friends of the different leaders, who assume to figure as apostles of reform on the one hand, or of liberal or latitudinal ideas on the other, from my standpoint of opinion. Compromises may be made, but the Exhibition will not be opened on Sunday during the present administration—to which sentiment a hearty amen will go up from one class, and a bosh! from the other. All cannot be made happy—it is impossible. J. B.

An Absentminded Benedict.

An exchange prints the following: A prominent business man, whose name we will call Yates for short, had lived an old bachelor, but finally yielded to the charms of a young lady about twenty years of age, and submitted his neck to the matrimonial halter. In the days of his bachelorhood, the hero of our sketch had occupied a room over a business house, but after his marriage he stopped at the hotel. When he had been married about two weeks, one evening his bride awaited his coming until a late hour in the night. Finally, filled with horrible misgivings, and the dread of foul play, she sent friends in search of the missing one. All search proved unavailing, and the friends, nearly distracted with doubts and dread, were about to give up, when some one suggested, just for the assurance of the thing, that his bachelor quarters be searched. After raising quite a racket about the door a noise was heard inside, and finally the missing man made his appearance. The fact was the man had gone to his old quarters in a state of absentmindedness, and had retired and gone to sleep, without discovering his mistake.

A Female Physician.

It is related of a lady M. D. of New York city, a graduate of the French college of physicians, that once she called upon a lady friend whom it was supposed by the male doctors present had just been delivered of a dead child. But the female practitioner was not satisfied, and going into the chamber, took the lifeless clay, laid it on a table, and rolled and thumped and kneaded it, and breathed into it until it sent forth a cry that brought rapture to the mother's heart and triumph for the fair doctor. The child is now running around, as big and healthy as any of its age.

stroyed numerous buildings, including the *Journal* office. Loss, $150,000 to $200,000.

FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

The Business of General Interest Transacted.

SENATE.

The District Tax bill was reported to the Senate. The amendments made in the committee were agreed to, and the bill was read a third time and passed.

Mr. Morrill (Rep.), of Maine, from the conference committee on the Legislative, Judicial and Executive Appropriation bill, reported that the committee had been unable to agree. He moved that the Senate insist upon its amendments and agree to the new conference asked for by the House. The motion of Mr. Morrill to grant the new conference was agreed to, and the Chair appointed Messrs. Morrill, of Maine, Allison, of Iowa, and Norwood, of Georgia, members of the committee on the part of the Senate.

The House bill providing for the sale of the Kansas Indian lands in Kansas to actual settlers, and for the disposition of the proceeds of the sale was passed.

The Chair laid before the Senate a telegram from the New York Bureau of Trade praying that silver shall not be made a legal tender for any sum larger than five dollars. Referred to the committee on finance.

Mr. Conkling (Rep.), of New York, called up the Senate bill to punish the counterfeiting of trade mark goods, and the sale or dealing in of counterfeit trade mark goods. The several amendments heretofore agreed to by the judiciary committee were agreed to, and the bill passed.

Mr. Sargent (Rep.), of California, from the conference committee on the Naval Appropriation bill, made a report that the committee had agreed upon a bill, and the report was agreed to.

The Chair appointed as the new conference committee on the Post-office Appropriation bill Messrs. West, Hamlin and Maxey.

Mr. Morrill (Rep.), of Maine, from the committee on appropriations, reported back the bill passed by the House to continue the unexpended balances to provide temporarily for the expenses of the government for a period not to exceed ten days, with an amendment providing that in cases where no sufficient unexpended balance remains on hand, the necessary amount be appropriated out of any money in the treasury. Passed.

The House bill to amend sections 3,896 and 3,894 of the revised statutes, providing a penalty for mailing obscene books and other matter therein contained, and prohibiting lottery circulars from passing through the mails, was taken up. After a short discussion the bill was read a third time and passed.

The Senate took up the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill. Mr. Windom said the bill as it came from the House appropriated $15,266,731 32. To this the Senate committee had added $4,684,603 55. The bill for the current fiscal year appropriated $20,459,859.

HOUSE.

Mr. Rusk (Rep.), of Wisconsin, from the committee on invalid pensions, reported a bill to regulate the issuing of artificial limbs to disabled soldiers and sailors. It provides that any person who has lost a limb in the service of the United States shall receive every five years an artificial limb. Passed.

On motion of Mr. Atkins (Dem.), of Tennessee, the Senate amendments to the Army Appropriation bill were referred to the committee on appropriations.

On motion of Mr. Atkins (Dem.), of Tennessee, the Senate amendments to the Army Appropriation bill were non-concurred in.

The Speaker appointed as a committee of conference on that bill Messrs. Atkins, Randall and Hurlburt.

Mr. Payne (Dem.), of Ohio, from the committee on banking and currency, reported back the Senate amendments to the Silver Coin bill.

The vote on the first amendment of the Senate, striking out the word "now" (which confined the issue of silver coin to that now in the treasury), resulted: Yeas, 75, nays, 78. The vote was then taken on concurring on the second amendment of the Senate, and it was rejected—60 to 103.

Mr. Randall moved to concur with the Senate amendment, with an amendment thereto in the form of two additional sections, authorizing in addition to the silver coin allowed to be coined in redemption of fractional currency, the coinage of twenty millions, requiring the purchase of the necessary silver bullion at market rates, and authorizing the issue of the coin in the ordinary disbursements of the treasury. He also allowed Mr. Landers (Dem.), of Indiana, to offer an amendment authorizing the coinage of the standard silver dollar of the same weight and fineness as that in use on the first of January, 1861, and making it a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private.

The vote was first taken on Mr. Landers' amendment, and it was adopted—yeas, 100; nays, 54.

The motion made by Mr. Randall to concur in the Senate amendment, with his own, and Mr. Landers amendments thereto, was then agreed to—yeas, 110; nays, 45.

The bill now goes back to the Senate with these provisions ingrafted on the Senate amendments.

A message was received from the Senate, informing the House that the Senate had agreed to the report of the conference committee on the naval appropriations.

Mr. Holman, (Dem.), of Indiana, from the committee of conference on the Post-Office Appropriation bill, submitted the report of that committee, informing the House that the committee had not been able to agree, and asked for another committee. The report was then adopted, and the Speaker appointed Messrs. Holman, Clark and Hale as a new committee of conference.

Mr. Blount (Dem.), of Georgia, from the committee of conference on the Naval Appropriation bill, made a report in favor of the House concurring in some of the Senate amendments, and of the Senate receding from others of its own amendments. Mr. Blount said the difference between the bill as it passed the House and as it passed the Senate was $2,043,000, and that the difference between the bill as it passed the House and as reported by the conference committee was only $315,-000, an addition of $1,728,000 for the bureau of construction and repair, and of $65,000 for the bureau of steam engineering. The report of the committee was agreed to.

Something New About Pears.

Mr. P. T. Quinn tells the following story in his "Rural Topics," in *Scribner* for July: A few years ago, a gentleman living in the suburbs of New York, anxious to have large pear trees that would bear fruit soon, contracted with a tree agent for some Bartletts, the price of which was fixed at $10 apiece. The trees came in due time and were set out. In two years from the time of planting, they bore a small round russet pear, that hung on the trees until late in October. About this time, the very same agent made his appearance, and, being reminded of the contract to furnish Bartletts, he asked to be allowed to examine the trees and fruit, the latter still hanging on the trees. He examined both carefully and, suddenly turning toward his victim, said, with a stern expression: "Well, sir, when I sold you those trees, I supposed you were a well read, intelligent man; but now I am of a different opinion." This very singular remark brought forth the query: "Why?" from the owner. "Why!" was the response from the agent, "to think of a man of culture at this day and age who does not know the fact, that a Bartlett tree never bears Bartlett pears the first year." The gentleman admitted his ignorance, and the peddler left, master of the situation. Some weeks after, the victim made inquiry of a neighbor to know if he was aware of this strange phenomenon in horticulture. Since then this tree agent has not made his appearance in this section of the country.

What a Weak Woman Can Do.

She can sit at the open window of a railway carriage with a stiff northeast wind blowing in that chills everybody in the vicinity to the marrow, for two hours in a thin muslin dress without flinching.

She can dance or waltz down the captain of a marching regiment, and at the eleven o'clock supper put away lobster salad, ice cream, champagne, cake and coffee, without flinching, sufficient for a week's nightmare to a strong man.

She can comb her hair all back so as to leave the roots of it to the full play of a December breeze, and wear a bonnet on top of a chignon, leaving ears and head exposed with impunity, with the thermometer ten degrees below zero.

She can pull over $1,000 worth of dry goods for the investment of fifty cents.

She can study music for ten years sufficiently to enable her to perform excellently, when not in the presence of those who desire to hear her.

She can balance herself on the ball of her great toe and shoe heel the size of a dime all day in the public streets without falling.

She can occupy three seats in a horse car and be utterly oblivious that any of her own sex are standing up.

She shows unusual strength and firmness in the holding of real estate, solitaire diamonds, and other valuable property which her husband places in her hands previous to his compromising with his creditors for twenty cents on a dollar.

England has imported in the last four months $1,845,685 worth of petroleum, against $665,790 worth in 1875.

Mrs. Beecher's Teeth.

In supreme court, circuit, New York city, Henry Ward Beecher made his appearance, the occasion being his compulsory resistance of a suit brought by Solomon S. Skinner, a dentist, to recover payment for two sets of false teeth alleged to have been furnished by the plaintiff to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher and one set to Dr. Lyman Beecher, some twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Beecher was also present in court. Ex-Judge Busteed appeared for Mr. Skinner and Mr. John S. Hill for Mr. Beecher. Judge Busteed made one of his characteristic openings, which kept the court convulsed, and then called the plaintiff, who told his side of the story.

Henry Ward Beecher was then called by Judge Busteed. He lifted the right hand, indicating that he would be sworn as he was on the scandal trial. He was very cool and good humored, and got up several good laughs, while the counsel spoke at the top of his voice, gesticulated, and fixed terrible looks upon the witness.

Q. How long ago was it since Mrs. Beecher had no teeth? A. I couldn't locate it; but I know that very early she was obliged to rely on an auxiliary set. (Laughter.)

Q. How many false sets had she? A. I don't know; I never counted them—(laughter); I don't know what they were made of.

Q. They might be lead or turf? A. They might for all I know—(laughter)—I did not pay Skinner that I know of; I know of nothing about teeth for my father, except Skinner's demand; I don't know what I said to him; I got rid of him as quick as I could, because he was drunk. (Laughter.)

Q. Oh, you say he was drunk? A. He had all the appearance of it.

Q. (Furiously)—Oh, he had the appearance? Now, was he drunk, or was it only the appearance? A. (Without a smile)—Well, if I was in that state I should have been drunk. (Roars of laughter.)

Q. Were you ever in that state. A. Never.

Judge Westbrook promptly dismissed the case, as, on the plaintiff's own showing, the goods were furnished twenty years ago.

It was amusing, while the counsel was reading denunciations of statute of limitation defenses, to see the witness coolly occupied reading a book, and, apparently, taking no notice of all the terrible things shouted into his ear.

A Farmer's Life.

The Denver *Tribune*, commenting on Donald G. Mitchell and his speeches about farming, says: Mr. Mitchell is, we believe, a native of New England. At least he has there passed the most of the years of his life. And as the farmer's life in that section possesses many beautiful attractions that do not attach to it in the wide extended and the fertile West, we are almost forced to the conclusion that his speech could have been in no sense a relation of his own experience. The stony hills and knolls and the wooded valleys and bottom lands of New England require vastly more coaxing to induce them to yield to the farmer a decent return than do the broad, deep soiled prairies of the West. Amid Donald G.'s recollections of his boyhood years, there are probably no memories of teaching a stubborn calf to drink sour milk, or of riding a thin-fleshed, perverse old horse to plow out corn or potatoes, else his notions of the tender and refining influences and of the pure contentment of farm life would have had some admixture of ideas of other tendencies and feelings. And probably, in his youthful years, he never, beneath a blazing sun, hoed corn planted in soil seemingly adapted to the growth of only weeds; never picked up stones until the cruel friction had worn the ends of his fingers down to the quick, leaving bare the sensitive nerves; and never held a plow to break up a stony hillside or a newly cleared bottom, and, as the point struck rocks and roots and stumps in rapid succession, had the handles play a sort of jabbing tattoo on the pit of his stomach, with an accompaniment of chucks under the chin and upon the side of the head. He has ever enjoyed such experiences he would no doubt have had less to say of the fancy and easy life the farmer leads.

Stop Your Worship of Money Bags.

The Kentucky *Yeoman* says: Every newspaper one takes up nowadays is sure to have something to say about "the millionaires of America"—the Astors, Vanderbilt, Stewart, Jones and Sharon of Nevada, or Flood, O'Brien, McKay and Fair of San Francisco and Nevada—each of whom is proclaimed to be worth from forty to one hundred millions, all made by himself.

To hard working people, who are thankful for a bare competency in these impecunious times, this thing is getting to be somewhat monotonous—in fact, something of a bore. We have heard and read about these bloated money bags until we are surfeited with envy of their mighty piles, and with the constantly recurring thought of how happy we could be with one of their incomes for a single fortnight; aye, for a single week, or for even a single day!

But we implore our brethren of the pen and scissors to stop this gush of millionaire literature. Let's have a rest. It isn't morally healthy to be always contemplating these glittering heaps. It leads to constant violations of one of the commandments about coveting other people's surplus things.

So let's turn our attention to poor but honest people awhile. They are the sort that get into heaven easy; they are the sort we need not envy, but are bound to admire and love, and tie to. They are the sort, too, that will be far more apt to divide with and help us when we run short and get into trouble, than those heartless millionaires, of whom it was long ago said "that the souls of a thousand of them might dance together on the point of a cambric needle without jostling each other in the least."

A Choctaw Wedding.

A Cheyenne (Wyoming) letter says, describing an Indian wedding: On the day appointed for the wedding the bridegroom arrives on a pony, and leading another that has a side-saddle for the bride. On arriving at the house, without dismounting, he fastens her pony to the fence, and then rides off a short distance in the direction they are to go. Presently the bride steps out, dressed in the height of fashion—a new calico dress, a white pocket handkerchief around the neck, and a large red one tied over head and ears, and a pair of new shoes across her arm, which she puts on just before reaching the parson's. As soon as she mounts her pony the man starts on and she follows from fifty to two hundred yards behind. On arriving at the parsonage he gets off, ties his horse, and goes into the house and makes his business known. By this time the lady arrives, dismounts, secures her horse, and goes to the house, leans herself on the side of it near the door, and patiently waits until some one discovers her and bids her enter. All things being in readiness, the minister, who is usually a white missionary, motions the couple to stand up and performs the ceremony in English, which is about as intelligible to them as Greek. But when the minister stops talking they depart, leaving the poor clergyman without fee or thanks. They usually go to the husband's parents and stay about a year before attempting the arduous duties of "housekeeping." After getting married a Choctaw, if he doesn't like the squaw, gets a divorce, which is granted on the most frivolous pretext.

Edward Dolan, a conductor on the Michigan Central railroad, has gone mad with joy on discovering that his wife had unexpectedly inherited a fortune of $250,000.

A Vigilant Cashier.

A New York bank has just selected a cashier. He announced his intention of running the institution on a sound and safe basis. He proposed especially to look after paper presented for discount. A well known customer brought in a note. The cashier examined it vigilantly, and in a quiet, patronizing way, said: "Can't you give us another name on this note?" "Yes, if you think it necessary." "Well, I think it will be better." The gentleman went out and was gone about an hour and brought back a list of names full two yards long, which was pasted to the note. There were ten millions on the paper which he handed to the astonished cashier. In the meanwhile the official had learned something about his customer. He blushed, tore off the names, and passed the paper to the credit of the customer.

At our request Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage,) a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap to try. Send at once.

Pimples on the face, rough skin, chapped hands, saltrheum and all cutaneous affections cured, the skin made soft and smooth, by the use of JUNIPER TAR SOAP. That made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, is the only kind that can be relied on, as there are many imitations, made from common tar, which are worthless.—*Com.*

Mr. Bramwell, the well known English engineer, asserted recently, before the society of arts, that railway accidents are frequently aggravated by applying the brake power too sharply.

Liver and Blood Diseases.

By. R. V. Pierce, M. D., author of "The People's Common Sense Medical